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Stalin Will Attack In South

BY HENRY PETERSON

SEE PAGE TEN

DOG DAYS ARE HERE, SCHOOL AND EXAMINATIONS ARE OVER, AND THEY HAVEN'T A CARE IN THE WORLD; WHO WOULDN'T BE A BOY AGAIN? (SEE PAGE 5).

THE FRONT PAGE

The recent death of the former Kaiser Wilhelm after living in considerable comfort in Holland for rather more than twenty years has moved us to wonder what, in the opinion of our readers, should be done with Adolph Hitler when he too has been conquered. We have a suspicion that the idea of letting him live on Doorn for the next two decades would not be popular. We propose to offer two prizes of $5 each for the best suggestion as to what should really be done with him. One of these prizes will go to that suggestion which we consider most worthy of serious attention; the other to that which we consider most likely to interest and entertain our readers. Entries must reach this office by noon of August 9. Address Hitler Competition, SATURDAY NIGHT.

ONE of the chief activities of the British Broadcasting Company is that of issuing instructions to the British public on what they should do in certain wartime emergencies. As these instructions are frequently quite complicated, it is a general practice for the announcer to deliver them at the ordinary rate of speed and then to repeat them much slower for the benefit of those who desire to take them down in writing. This practice evidently makes a deep impression upon the minds of English children, to judge from a story told by an English Dominican friar of a small boy who prayed as follows: "Dear God, please help Daddy to remember his gas mask; he is always forgetting it. And dear God, please help Mummy about the rations, because she gets so worried about them. I will now repeat both these requests at dictation speed."

National Unity

LAST week we suggested that the Toronto *Globe and Mail* appears to be pessimistic about the future of the Dominion because it happens to have French-Canadians in it, and we quoted a sentence from its columns: "It remains to be proved that a powerful minority of different racial origin, speaking a different tongue, and permeated by a different religion from the majority, can ever become a full partner in a national and spiritual union."

The *Globe and Mail* has this week reminded us that the sentence in question appeared, not in its own editorial columns, but in the signed article contributed every day to its editorial page by its staff columnist, Mr. J. V. McAree. In a lengthy article which does almost everything except reprint the sentence in question, the *Globe and Mail* reminds us, quite properly, of the difference between editorial opinion and opinion expressed in a signed article, and takes occasion to remark that it accepts responsibility for what Mr. McAree writes "only to the extent that it cannot print libellous or seditious matter." We congratulate Mr. McAree on having such a very free hand.

But the fact is that there is also a difference between the expressions of the occasional contributor and those of a regular staff member even if he does attach his name to his column. SATURDAY NIGHT affords a wide measure of latitude to contributors on all sorts of subjects, but it does accept a considerable measure of responsibility for the expressions of those contributors who conduct regular departments in its columns. Its readers appear to expect it to, and we think their expectation is reasonable. The *Globe and Mail* itself, if current report is correct, felt some measure of responsibility for the expressions of its former columnist, Miss Judith Robinson, and a difference of opinion on that subject is believed to have led to the separation between the columnist and the newspaper.

We are still in some uncertainty as to what the *Globe and Mail's* own views, if any, are on the question of the possibility of French Canada becoming a "full partner" in the Dominion, but we find it difficult to forget that only a few years ago, and under its present proprietorship, the newspaper was editorially urging the scrapping of all the provincial legislatures and the concentration of legislative power in one authority at Ottawa, a proceeding which would have pretty well abolished anything in the nature of "partnership". And we continue to regret that the *Globe and Mail* allowed this particular expression of Mr. McAree's personal views to appear next to its editorial columns. It has done a great deal of harm. The press of French Canada, in which the practice of France is commonly followed, of allowing responsible members of the staff, and even the editor-in-chief, to sign the articles which they write, had already (long before our article appeared) accepted Mr. McAree's dictum as that of a great English-language Canadian newspaper. It may not be that, but if it is not that it is still the dictum of a very popular and influential English-language Canadian columnist who is on the staff of a great English-language Canadian newspaper—and it is an assertion that the whole principle upon which the Canadian nation is founded may be unworkable.

Cut-the-Waste Committee

CANADIANS should pay more attention than they are doing to the very significant movement which has started in the United States under the cumbersome name of the Citizens' Emergency Committee for the Reduction of Government Non-Defence Expenditure. There is no object more worthy of the efforts of the true patriot at the present time than the one which is so clearly but so inelegantly set forth in this title. The concentration of public interest upon subjects relating to the war has largely prevented the proper scrutiny of the various other forms of government expenditure, and all kinds of groups, interests, organizations and classes have seized the opportunity to dip their hands deeper into the public treasury while the public has its eye exclusively focussed on Herr Hitler. An organized effort on the part of a good number of influential Canadians might serve to impress upon our governments and their parasites, the idea that they are still being watched, and that their more outrageous performances will still excite public indignation.

Every employer of labor knows that it is becoming extremely difficult to secure workers of any kind, skilled or unskilled, experienced or inexperienced. Yet very large sums continue to be paid out under the misleading title of Unemployment Relief. All the groups and organizations which have become accustomed to receiving government aid in the last twelve

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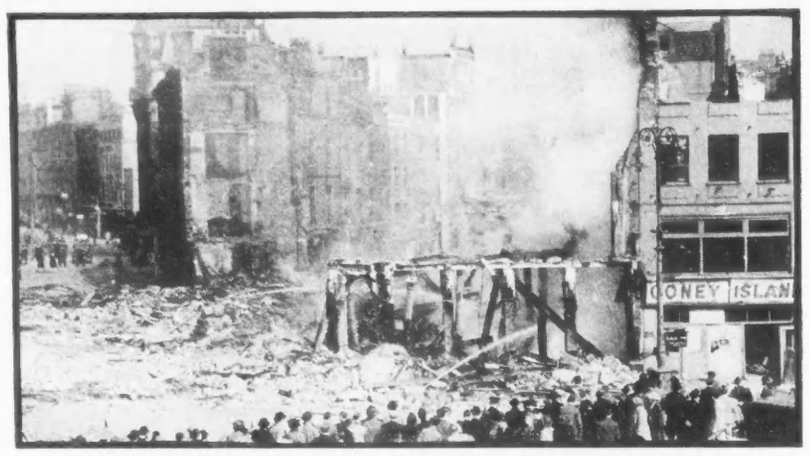

This view of Leicester Square shows the ruins of the Cafe de l'Europe, a restaurant once very popular with visitors from the Dominions.

The first of a series of gas bags made for the Gas Light & Coke Company of London, England, seen here being loaded for rapid transport.

The Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey presents a Mobile Canteen to the Borough of Southwark on behalf of the Alpha Gamma Delta of McGill University.

Famous London statues, including George III and the Burghers of Calais are now in safe keeping on this country estate, somewhere in England.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Russian Oil Resources Are Vulnerable

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN HIS interesting article in your July 5 issue entitled "Russia can retreat and fight on," Mr. Raymond Arthur Davies stresses the point that even if the Russians lose the Ukraine and the Caucasus to Hitler, they can still carry on the fight, because in the regions of the Urals, Siberia and Central Asia there are vast resources of raw materials and increasingly extensive industrial plants to work them into finished products. "So long as the men are ready to fight, supplies will be available."

I am writing to inquire if Mr. Davies did not put on rosy-tinted spectacles when he was examining the item of oil—the supply of which is vitally important to the Russian mechanized army etc. "As for petroleum," Mr. Davies writes," the situation is fairly good. In 1935 the total U.S.S.R. oil resources were estimated at three billion tons, of which only about half were in the Caucasus. Since 1932 other oil fields have begun operating. Of these the most important are the Emba fields in Kazakstan, embracing some sixty deposits. A half billion tons has already been proved there." Mr. Davies gives a lengthy list of areas in the Urals, Central Asia and the Far East where rich stores of oil are to be found, and then he concludes: "The refining of this petroleum is now accomplished in the vicinity of the oil wells, although it is not to be doubted that the loss of Baku would prove to be very damaging."

For indeed the latest figures available show that over 90 per cent of the present (as distinct from the potential) production of Soviet oil comes from the vulnerable Caucasus area. Only 6.4 per cent is produced as yet from the rich Ural-Volga oil-bearing regions, whilst Russia in the Far East has had to share with Japan the 500,000 tons procured from Sakhalin Island. Doubtlessly in the event of the Nazi conquest of the Caucasus, efforts would be redoubled to step up production in the areas outside, but it would necessitate a truly herculean achievement to approach anywhere near the volume of oil productivity of the Baku-Grozny area.

In the piping days of peace, oil production everywhere fell short of sanguine expectations; in 1940 the Soviet output was about 30 million tons whilst the Third Five-Year Plan had called for 36 million tons at that date. This was due in part to the lack of skilled technicians and of efficient machinery. Technological difficulties also hampered the shifting of oil industrial centres away from the Caucasus, actuated by strategical considerations. Drilling in the Emba and Ural-Volga fields has been persevered with, but the immediate results expected have not materialized. So far there is only one refinery in the Soviet Far East, at Khabarovsk, and this plant does not produce high quality gasoline; the Soviet army, air force and navy have to depend for most of their needs on shipments from Central Russia and the United States.

In effect then, the Soviet Union, even when at peace has not been quite self-sufficient in the matter of oil. Her oil war-reserves are being severely taxed by the present fighting on her Western Front. If the Caucasus bows to the Swastika, will adequate supplies of oil elsewhere or from any external source be available for the fighting men?

(My facts are mainly based on the June 1, 1941, Foreign Policy Association Report on "Oil and the War" compiled by L. M. Frechtling, aided by Dr. W. Levy fresh back from London).

Kingston, Ont. A. E. PRINCE.

Christie St. Dreary

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

A FEW weeks ago your splendid paper published an article describing the Officers' Mess of the R.C.A.F. at Jarvis. I know that officers are responsible for their mess, but it was satisfactory to see that they live in such pleasant surroundings.

Last month I had occasion to visit a young patient in the Christie Street Hospital in Toronto and I was appalled at the bareness of the place, and by the many trains which roared close to the windows. I am sure the care and treatment are of the best, but I cannot think that such noisy dreariness can be conducive to quick convalescence. I wish you would write it up and contrast it with the Jarvis R.C.A.F.

(MRS.) C. C. M. HAMILTON-WATTS.
Vernon, B.C.

First Woman B.A.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of July 5 "C.W." of Ottawa says: "Incidentally the year in which Queen's University awarded the first B.A. degree to a woman in Canada."

"C.W." is in error. That honor like many others in the field of education belongs to the Maritimes. I think that Miss Harriet S. Stewart of the class of 1882 of Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., was the first woman graduate in Canada.

She was a daughter of Rev. Dr. Charles Stewart, the Dean of Theology at Mount Allison. Two of her classmates are living, Professor William Morley Tweedie of Mount Allison and Dr. Clarence Webster, the well known historian.

(REV.) CHARLES H. JOHNSON.
Grand Pré, N.S.

Fewer and Larger?

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of June 21, Mr. Don Stairs takes to task Mr. Angus MacInnis, M.P., for saying that "we have fewer and larger industries under the control of fewer people and employing a greater number of wage earners." Mr. Stairs quotes the D.B.S. "Manufacturing Industries of Canada, 1937" as evidence that Mr. MacInnis is wrong.

But the figures Mr. Stairs quotes do not establish his conclusions. In the first place, they relate only to manufacturing. They do not touch mining, let alone trade, transportation or finance. In the second place they are irrelevant to Mr. MacInnis' statement even in respect of manufacturing. They deal with "establishments"; they say nothing at all about how many "establishments" are under the control of a single company or group of affiliated companies, and nothing at all about the degree to which the control of limited companies is falling into fewer and fewer hands. If Mr. Stairs will consult the Report of the Price Spreads Commission of 1935, he will find some illuminating facts on this subject.

Knowlton, Que. EUGENE FORSEY.

The Peace of England

JOHN BULL of England, upon an evil day
Lopped himself an olive bough and cast his sword away.
Caught himself a milk-white dove and, wonders never cease,
Set himself solemnly to walk the ways of peace.

(Squire John, Squire John, look across your channel—
The Continent's a kettle that is bubbling up for war,
Winds of Europe, Moonstruck John, are terrible with trumpets
And Bony's ghost is strutting down the Polish Corridor!)

A dreamer in Germany saw his kingdom come,
A boaster in Italy beat loud upon the drum,
But John Bull pondered the ethics of the case
And turned a cheek to Hitler when Il Duce slapped his face.

(Squire John, dreaming of a peace not won by battle,
Raising pigs and pumpkins in a drowsy Westland shire,
That far, despairful calling was the death-cry of Bohemia
The kettle's boiling over, and the fat is in the fire!)

Thus the legend rooted, so the tale was told
Of a once-proud fighter grown degenerate and old;
Till John Bull of England, who is never as he seems,
For the sake of liberty turned grumbling from his dreams.

(Squire John, Squire John, walking in his garden,
Saw the shade of vulture wings black on English sod,
Broke his withered olive branch, scoured a sword forgotten,
Mustered up his gentlemen and gave the right to God!)

John Bull of England has set his frigates free
To forge the Pax Britannica with thunder on the sea,
He has tossed his new-fledged airmen like falcons from the glove
To pacify the raiders in the battlegrounds above.

(Squire John, Squire John, walking on his quarter-deck,
Drake a pace to windward and Lord Nelson hard a-lee,
Frenchmen may founder, but St. George still fights for England—
For England and for freedom, and for all humanity.)

Bluff St. George of England, until the day is won
Shall speak the peace of Britain through every roaring gun,
But Moonstruck John of England, with all his dragons slain
Will set himself to ponder a bloodless peace again.

(Squire John, Squire John, blundering to victory, ...
Tell me, do they ever shake, tyrants in their pride,
At visions of that other isle whose name is St. Helena
Where in wave-washed loneliness an upstart empire died!)

Vancouver B.C. ARTHUR MAYSE.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

years are fighting desperately to continue to receive it whether their claims are justified or not. The official bodies for the administration of such aid are continuing to function on the same scale and with no reduction of salary lists. The situation is rendered infinitely worse by the lack of any effective fighting Opposition either at Ottawa or at most of the provincial capitals. Let us have an emergency committee whenever there is a government spending money out of the public taxes. Let it be called the Cut-The-Waste Committee.

Hart House Quartet

MUSIC lovers almost all over the world will learn with regret of the retirement owing to ill health of Milton Blackstone, viola player of the Hart House Quartet since its foundation by the Vincent Masseys in 1924. This leaves Boris Hambourg, at the 'cello desk, the sole remaining original of the quartet—though for that matter it is remarkable enough that a quartet should retain half of its membership for so long a term as eighteen years. Mr. Blackstone, whose musicianship and mastery of rich tone have been a source of strength to the quartet all along, will be succeeded by Albert de Ridder, who for the past eight years has been in Vancouver, violist of the Vancouver String Quartet and conductor of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra; prior to that he was violist of the Los Angeles Quartet. James Levey and Adolphe Koldofsky remain at the violin desks.

The eighteen years of the Quartet's life have been a period in which the rise of orchestral music in Canada, as in other parts of this hemisphere, has somewhat overshadowed the more intimate work of the small group of strings. But the contribution of this splendid institution to the culture, and the cultural reputation, of Canada has been very great, and Canadians owe a heavy debt to its founders and its members, especially those who have participated in its work for so long.

Iceland is a Puzzle

THIS business of insisting on hemisphericity, for which we are indebted to our American friends, has its puzzling consequences. The terrestrial globe is not divided into land aggregations which can be exactly separated into two segments each 180 degrees in width by lines running through nothing but ocean. The geographers have come as near as possible to this desirable objective by putting the dividing line at 20 degrees west and 160 degrees east longitude; and Iceland and the extreme tip of Siberia are the only land areas which are cut in two by this division. But the fact remains that it is only the most important and not the largest part of Iceland that falls into the Western Hemisphere by this division, and a line two degrees further east would still avoid cutting the western coast of Africa from the Eastern Hemisphere and would leave practically the whole of Kamchatka as well as a large part of Siberia where they properly belong. Even then, however, there would still be about half of Iceland in one hemisphere and half in the other. Nothing, apparently, can prevent New Zealand from being assigned to the Western Hemisphere although it is thousands of miles further from the American continent than from Australia.

It is unfortunate that the primal forces which designed our land masses when the earth was cooling some billions of years ago did not take these things into consideration; but nobody knew then—and indeed there was nobody to know anything—that there would one day be an American nation which would insist that its business was entirely concerned with one-half of the earth's surface and stopped abruptly at the exact point where day and night come together at the moment when it is midday over the Crazy Mountains of Montana, at 110 degrees west longitude. Strong as is this conviction, we doubt, however, whether the American troops in Iceland have been instructed rigidly to abstain from setting foot on the eastern side of the 20th parallel.

Where Did Cabot Land?

ONCE again we appear to have hurt the feelings of Newfoundland by permitting an enthusiastic Nova Scotian to write in our columns of the "fact" that John Cabot landed at the north of Cape Breton in 1497. We trust that we shall not hurt the feelings of Nova Scotia by admitting, in justice to Newfoundland, that Cabot left no autographed declaration on the island of Cape Breton to prove to subsequent tourists that he had been there, and that historians tend to the view that his landfall was in the vicinity of Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland. The Nova Scotia claim rests on a statement of Sebastian, John Cabot's son, made on a map of 1544, nearly half a century after the event, to the effect that he and his father first sighted land in the New World at Cape Breton. While this is no doubt sufficient to justify an enterprising tourist bureau in naming the new highway in Cape Breton "the Cabot Trail," it does not justify the positive statement that Cape Breton was actually the site of the landing, which is rendered improbable in the minds of most historians by the contemporary declaration of John Cabot that the place where he landed had an abundance of cod. Mr. G. R. F. Prowse, a Newfoundlander who now lives in Winnipeg, and who is the senior living authority upon the subject, is not only convinced that the Cape Breton claim is unproven, but expects in a forthcoming volume of cartological material to prove "to the satisfaction of historians generally that a landing on Cape Breton was impossible."

Excess Arguments

THE discussion on the Excess Profits Tax is continuing in Britain, in the United States, and in this country. Recently G. B. Shaw joined in it with two sparkling articles in Labor's *Daily Herald*. "Private capitalism is set in motion by the incentive of profit making; and when the profit, or the possibility and hope of profit, is extinguished, capitalistic private enterprise is extinguished also, and its work either done by the State or not done at all. . . The most mischievous mistake a Chancellor could make is to attack private enterprise before the Government is ready to take over its work and carry it on without a day's interruption."

There is the problem in a nutshell. But the nutshell is only half filled. What "G.B.S." says holds good in times of peace. But in war things are different. Governments in war will take over any enterprise that goes on strike on account of restricted profits. And if all enterprise goes on strike governments will take over all enterprise. But all enterprise will not go on strike because all enterprisers are not unpatriotic.

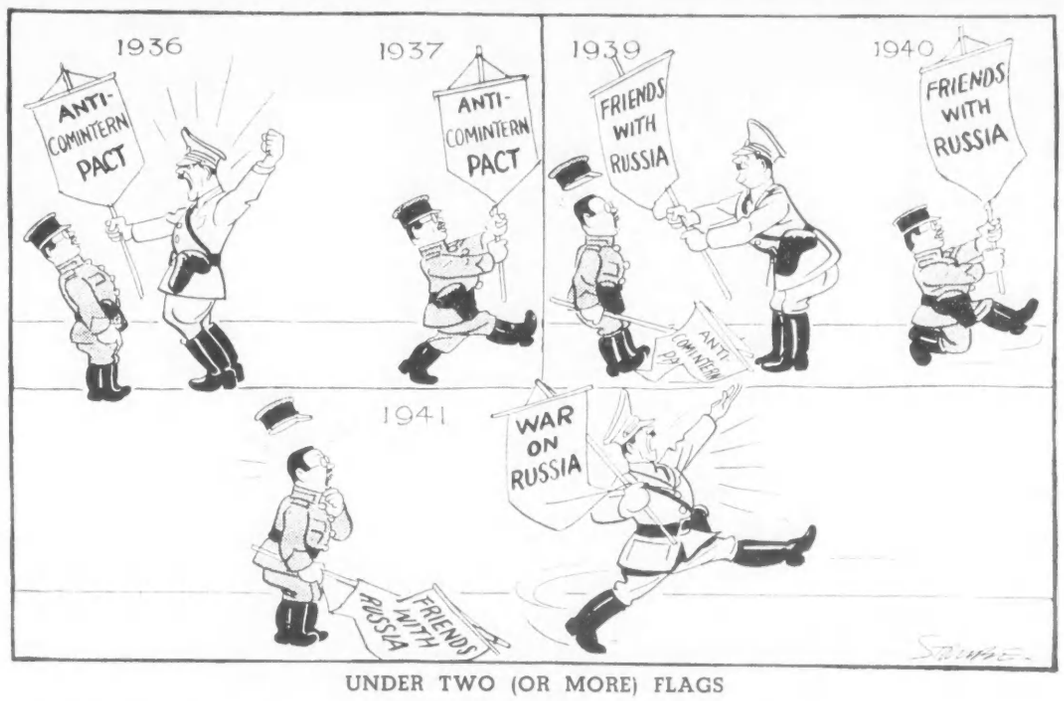
All democratic governments maintain that it is unpatriotic and undesirable that individuals or firms profit by the nation's economic war effort, whether directly out of war orders, or indirectly out of increased business in general. No one has ever disputed the morality of this postulate and no one will ever dare to do so outright. If there are people who are lacking in the feeling of social and moral responsibility, they have to hide behind economic counter-arguments; they dare not make a frontal attack on this position.

The relevant question to be asked is: what would happen if there were no Excess Profits Tax? There are two alternatives. First, "excess" profits, at least a portion of them, would be paid out in dividends. Private households orientate their expenditures on their incomes. The State's household orientates its income on its expenditure. If the State needs a certain amount of money, it will get it. It will therefore get the paid-out "excess" profits through other taxes, chiefly of course the income tax. Secondly, "excess" profits would be re-invested by the firms which make them; re-invested in the firms themselves or elsewhere.

The first possibility makes an excess profits tax indispensable in war. It may be said that priorities, control of investment goods, and other measures are a sufficient safeguard against undesirable investment. This was also said in Germany until 1938 when they found out that "black" investment seriously disturbed their war industry. If that happened in the face of the draconian penalties and punishments of the Nazis, what are we to expect here, or in Britain, or in the United States?

If awareness of this vital point is existent in the Cabinet and the House of Commons at Ottawa, it did not become evident during the recent debate on the Excess Profits Tax Act Amendment. Fortunately, the changes introduced are not such as to endanger the principle of the tax. The Opposition was in fundamental agreement with the Government and was satisfied with the elimination of a number of hardships. Hardships are unavoidable in an excess profits tax, and if a government succeeds in eliminating only the most glaring of them without making the tax ineffective it does well.

While admitting that an excess profits tax is economically impossible in peace and economically harmful in many individual cases in war, it must be said that it is indispensable to the economic and financial war effort of governments. This being so, it could not, even if its rate were 100 per cent, damage a nation's war effort beyond the point of making it necessary for the state to take over the jobs which private enterprise might refuse to do.



UNDER TWO (OR MORE) FLAGS

EVANESCENCE

TWENTY-FOUR petals
Of one full-blown rose;
Fleet hour-long petals of one golden day
Bring scattered petals at the even's close
For all men say.

We mourn the rose-bud lightly,
Kiss again
Among new stems shot blindly from the root;
Self-styled Immortals, of whose bitter pain
All men are fruit.

Aloft, what mightier hills,
What older gods
Count our shed lifetimes with the fallen rose?
Tread our frail seedlings in what stranger sods
Where light rain blows,

Feeling upon their beings,
Even they,
The faint far edges of a deathless doom
That sows and plucks and reaps its own decay
Of mortal bloom?

R. H. GRENVILLE.

THE PASSING SHOW

OTTAWA has announced that the uniforms for the Canadian Women's Army Corps will be fitted individually. But if they're wise they'll call them all size 16.

•

A convict in the Tennessee state penitentiary has invested $650 in U.S. government bonds. He may have thought they were Liberty Bonds.

•

Peru and Ecuador have decided to bury the hatchet. Perhaps they felt that their war would have been only a cheap imitation of the real thing, anyway.

•

Lindbergh asserts that he has no connection with any foreign government. Which only goes to show how difficult it is to tell an amateur from a professional.

•

Montreal's famous falcons have been diving fiercely at construction workers, and nobody has been able to do anything about it. Where were the ARP?

•

V SUNDAY

Three dots and a dash,
Tapped out in the night,
And a V on the wall
What a small thing, to smash
Great Germany's might,
To make tyranny fall
Three dots and a dash,
And a V on the wall—
And God's justice—that's all!

•

The reorganization of the Japanese cabinet has resulted in a complete right-about-face in Japanese foreign policy, from anti-Russian to pro-German.

•

A dollar-a-year man in Washington recently received a cheque for two cents. We wondered what was happening to all those billions voted by Congress.

•

A poultry-farmer has checked cannibalism among his hens by fitting them with red spectacles. If they're the same chickens that have a radio in their hen-house they deserve those rose-colored glasses.

•

Ex-ambassador Bullitt describes the Nazi-Soviet war as a battle between Satan and Lucifer. Can that mean that Adolf has met his match?

•

The Nazi mechanized troops in Russia are known as schnell troops, meaning fast. But last week they were moving at a schnell's pace.

•

THE DEFAULTER

Goering said:
"No one can bomb us,
I give you my promise,"
Said Hermann Goering;
"Look at our Luftwaffe
Very deterring."
Smiled Air Marshal Goering;
(The monstrous Adonis
Whose waistcoat alone is
As large and as proud as
An elephant's howdah.)

Nazis are offering
Prizes for shelter-plans,
Frightened to death
By the R.A.F.,
And its wild helter-skelter plans:
Now they know what a bomb is
They think of the promise;
Can plaintive demurring
Help now, Hermann Goering?

•

According to the Moscow radio Goering may soon be sent to a concentration camp. Informed sources say that only the lack of transportation facilities in Germany is holding up the event.

•

An Eastern Canadian port is celebrating the centenary of its incorporation as a city. We regret that we are unable to give any clearer hint of its identity than the fact its name ends in -tax and the name given to its inhabitants ends in -gonians.

•

V! D.V., P.D.Q.

As many soldiers from abroad lose their way in London the Y.M.C.A. has outfitted a Mobile Information van. Here an Aussie is asking his way.

On a visit to the Zoo this Australian soldier in London was glad to have his picture taken with a young friend from home, a baby kangaroo.

Miss Margaret Vyner, the celebrated Australian actress, has been doing much to entertain her countrymen. Here she sings for a mouth-organist.

Mr. Casey From Down Under

BY ERNEST VON HARTZ

The first Australian Minister to the United States might pass for an army officer or a diplomat; he has been both. At present, however, his job is to strengthen the already friendly relations which exist between the island continent and its great neighbor.

In some ways Mr. Casey is a typical Empire product. A patriotic Australian, he has been educated in Britain and has lived there as well as in the U.S.; thus, although he retains his original vigor, he has ameliorated it by contact with people other than his own.

In this interview, Mr. Casey has some interesting things to say about the Empire and the forces which hold it together. It is the breadth of outlook reflected here which is making him a popular figure throughout the United States.

"WOULD Mr. H. W. Clapp please communicate with Mr. Casey immediately?" the radio suddenly announced. "The matter is very urgent."

It happened in Australia, back in the hectic, rumor-ridden days just before the war. The nation had been listening to a piano-recital broadcast by Artur Schnabel, and the announcement rudely interrupted their reveries. Everyone knew who the Mr. Casey in question was—Richard Gardiner Casey, D.S.O., M.C., high-ranking minister in the country's defense machine; and everyone was certain that the fatal day had suddenly arrived.

Today, as minister to the United States (the first one Australia has ever sent there), Mr. Casey grins in recalling the incident. There was really nothing to get excited about, he says. He had called Mr. Clapp about some departmental matter, was unable to raise him on the phone, so he resorted to the radio—thus revealing the chronic impatience with lethargy that has marked his whirlwind career. The press was caustic in its comment, but Casey got his man.

In the United States the new envoy has had little need to break in on radio programs, for he finds Americans readily accessible. He is popular in the Capital, where his energy stands him in good stead. After rounds of conferences and social affairs, topped off with speaking engagements throughout the country, he finds an outlet for his buoyant spirit in flying his Fairchild coupé over the hills of Maryland and Virginia. He is usually accompanied by his pretty wife, who is a pilot in her own right.

Mr. Casey likes the United States, probably because he finds that Australians are far more like Americans that Britons. This estimate is not based merely on his short residence there as minister. He has lived there before—in the Southwest as a mining engineer and in New England.

In casual conversation the diplomat gives the impression that here is the "typical Englishman" rather than an Australian. Lay that to the fact, however, that he bears a striking resemblance to Anthony Eden and has a decided British university accent. Still slim at fifty-one, somewhat above average in height, he has the clipped speech of the army officer and the easy, pleasant manner of the diplomat without the usual attendant stuffiness. Scratch the veneer and you have a patriotic Australian, as proud of his country as a U.S. Midwesterner is of his.

One of Richest

Defending himself during debate in Australia on charges raised by the Opposition that powers granted him as Minister of Supply were second only to those enjoyed by Hitler, Casey replied that the one thing that he had in common with the Reichsfuehrer was a mustache. He was right. Casey is a born democrat, grandson of a pioneer. When, during the period of unemployment in Australia, he advised the youth of the land "to live dangerously and be hanged with safety first," he was probably echoing the advice of his grandfather, who went to the young colony in 1830 as a twenty-two-year-old doctor in the government service.

It was the envoy's father, Richard Gardiner Casey, Sr., who made the family one of the richest in Australia when he discovered gold on his land. So young Casey did not climb Australia's political and diplomatic ladder the hard way. But his political opponents, who once regarded him merely as a handsome and rich young tyro, soon learned that Casey was a man with a purpose and the brains to achieve it. The best proof of that is his present job, which is regarded by some observers as second in importance only to that of Prime Minister of the Commonwealth government.

Casey's post ranks among the highest in Washington, too. For 150 years the might of the British Fleet has allowed Australia to live and develop in peace. But with the major portion of that sea force engaged in a life-or-death struggle in home water and the Mediterranean, and with Japan's increasingly progressive march southward, Australia and New Zealand look to the United States much as a kid looks to his big brother when the neighborhood bully comes around.

Richard Gardiner Casey, D.S.O., M.C.

Ever since his arrival in the United States the energetic envoy has been impressing upon whoever would listen the importance of Australia to the United States. So far those talks have borne some fruit. Already there are rumors of an "understanding" between the United States and Australia and New Zealand concerning the use of Dominion naval and air bases in exchange for a limited guarantee of those islands.

A Friendly People

Sitting in his suite in a New York hotel, sipping the inevitable tea during a stop-off on his way to Washington after a speaking engagement, the envoy said that in his travels throughout the United States he had found that most Americans think of the Pacific solely in terms of the Far East—China and Japan.

"Australia is a Pacific country," he said, "but not a Far Eastern country. The vast area that we know as the southwestern Pacific is an area of great strategic importance, and it might turn out to be the key of the whole Pacific area. No one can tell what turns this war will take, but Australia will play her part in any extended field of operations.

"I venture to believe that it is not a matter of indifference to Americans that there exists across the Pacific a large area peopled by a friendly race with substantial forces of trained men and the means and ability to provide most of their own munitions and weapons. And, more important than weapons, is the spirit with which we entered the war, a spirit now revealing itself in Africa."

Of that spirit he knows aplenty. In 1914 with thousands of his countrymen he enlisted and fought in the brilliant, if futile, action at Gallipoli. When the war ended Casey was a Major with the Distinguished Service Order, won at Gallipoli, and the Military Cross, received for valor on the Western Front. A young brother is carrying on the tradition as a major of artillery with the Australian forces.

Mustered out of the army, Casey managed the family interests for five years before entering the Commonwealth's public service in the Department of External Affairs in 1924. He was sent to London, where for five years he was liaison officer between the Australian and British governments with respect to foreign affairs. He was a diplomatic and a social success, and might have remained in London had not the 1930 Labor government in Australia, scraping the bottom of the larder in its drive for economy, dropped his post from the appropriations.

Precarious Affairs

The undaunted Casey returned to Australia, where he was elected to the House of Representatives and began a political climb that led almost to the Prime Ministry two years ago. As a member of Parliament for nine years, as Federal Treasurer through the lean years of the depression, as organizer of the Department of Supply and Development at the outbreak of the war, and as Australia's first minister to the United States, Casey's jobs have been precarious affairs—and one bad step at any time would have ruined his career.

The new envoy is careful to point out that he was not sent to the United States as a propagandist, or as envoy merely for the duration of the war. Collaboration between the United States and Australia has been increasing at a great rate in recent years, and trade between the two countries is not new.

"It is well over a hundred years ago," he said, "that American ships began to appear in increasing numbers off our Australian coasts. Since those days trade has developed until today we are comparatively big consumers. Although we are a people of seven millions against your one hundred and thirty millions, we consume three or four times the amount of your products that you do of ours."

Not "Slaves" of Britain

The envoy laughs at the idea that Britain sits back in ease while the rest of the "enslaved" parts of the empire sweat and toil for her. No British colony pays taxes to Britain, he pointed out. No part of the British Empire is obliged to buy from Britain or sell its products to Britain. Considerably more than half the colonies' trade is with foreign countries.

"I don't think we would be so united in our war effort if we were 'slaves' of Britain," Casey continued. "We have several divisions fighting in North Africa in addition to troops in Britain. We have units of our air force in Britain, Egypt and Singapore. Our Australian fleet is ranging as far abroad as the Mediterranean. In addition to our forces overseas, we have at least as many in training and under arms in Australia. Also we have in the course of training some 20,000 air pilots and members of air crews to serve in the Royal Air Force."

The cement that ties the British Empire together, Casey said very definitely, is no British overlordship. The British peoples stick together in time of trouble because of those ever-important tangibles—the ties of blood and race and belief in the same ideas and ideals. "That may sound like a flimsy and insecure foundation on which to work," he added, "but all I can say is that it does work. And the result is that when one is attacked, we all spring to arms."

At this point the envoy was quietly reminded that it was nearing train time and that he had an important engagement before leaving town: he had to visit the five-and-ten on Fifth Avenue. It seems that he didn't dare go home without a gadget for his nine-year-old son.

DOWN AT THE OLE SWIMMIN' HOLE

In this delightful spot, not twenty-five miles from Toronto, generations of Peel County folk have learned to swim.

Older children frolic on a home-made raft, or dive from it.

Classical subject: the surprised nymph

"WHAT'S happened to the ole swimmin' hole?"

How many business men ask themselves that question during the heat waves of the summer. City men, whose memories go back to the days of the little red school house; Mr. So-and-So and Mr. Such-and-Such, they are important men now, but once they were plain Skinny or Stinky, Spike or Spud. . . .

In the days of the old swimming hole it marked him as a sissy if the boy known as Skinny brought along a bathing suit. Such a violation of the sacred code of the "gang" would have been only slightly less reprehensible than were Spud to have appeared with a cousin from the city who toted along a pair of water-wings or some other means of support in the water.

Remember how Stinky learned to swim in one easy lesson? The gang lifted him bodily and in a moment he found himself in the deepest part of the pool. It was up to Stinky, and Stinky made good. A bit groggy from a bellyful of water, the lad sat on the bank a few minutes later atingle with achievement.

To find out just what has happened to the old swimming hole we asked one typical farm-bred Toronto business man where he used to swim as a boy. With tones almost reverent, and with a sigh of nostalgia, he told us of his particular spot the "third line bridge" on the Credit River. We arrived there to find that the "ole swimmin' hole" had gone modern.

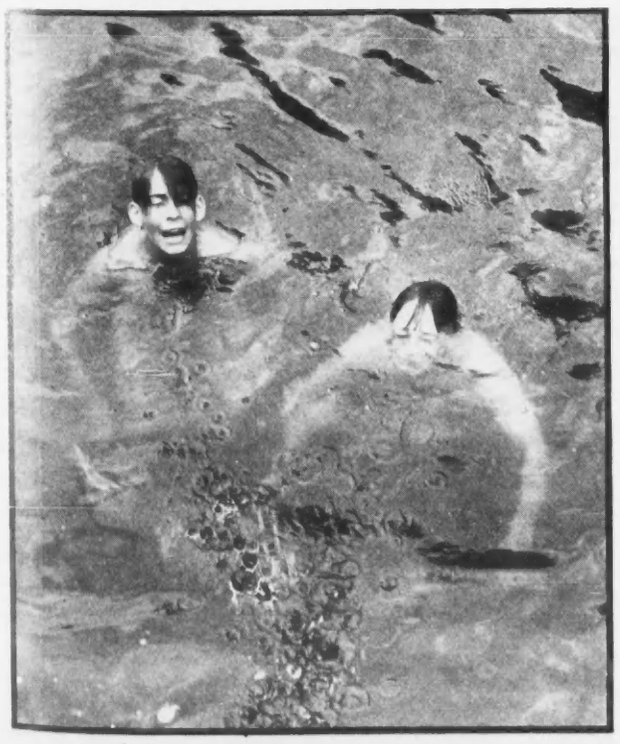
No longer existent was that exclusiveness that had fostered the nudity of natatorial cavortings of a former day. Old trees that lined the river's banks, from memories of their sapling days, probably viewed the scene with mixed feelings, for the pool had become open to all comers—men, women and children. To every body clung a bathing suit and—for shame—very much in evidence was the successor to water-wings, the inflated inner tube.

Mothers dangled the toes of their young in the waters at the river's edge, a pampered generation that would learn to swim the laborious way and never by sudden immersion in the middle of the stream. Fathers were with sons who disported themselves by the dam below the bridge. And the boys, who would have been the Skinnys and Stinkys of the former days, were—of all things—splashing with their girl friends, teaching them, in a genteel manner, how to swim, or playfully teasing them as they cut aquatic capers on an old raft.

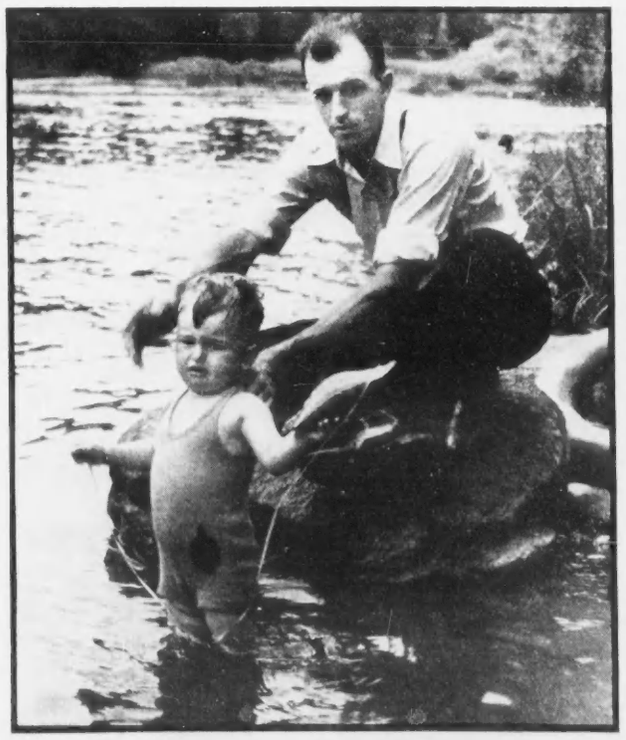
Turning away we decided we would never tell our Toronto business acquaintance what had happened to his old swimming hole. We must let him remember it as it was—before it went modern, before it became the "newfangled" swimming hole.

Story by Harold Sutherland

A motor car makes an admirable disrobing room for this one



Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, modern style.



Encouragement is needed for this young man.

The gentlemen's dressing room, well ventilated and very commodious.

Ukrainian-Canadians and Russo-German War

BY WASYL SWYSTUN

BEFORE the attack of Germany upon Russia, no doubt was expressed by anyone in Canada as to the stand of Ukrainian-Canadians in the present war. Ukrainian-Canadians prided themselves with, and were commended by others in Canada for, their whole-hearted participation in Canada's war effort. Did the outbreak of the German-Russian war change this attitude of Ukrainian-Canadians?

Ukrainian-Canadians themselves never had any doubt as to where they stand. War, or no war, between Germany and Russia, they are now, as they were before this war, whole-heartedly with Canada and the British Empire. However, a serious doubt has been cast upon the attitude of Ukrainian-Canadians by Mr. Raymond Arthur Davies in his article "Ukrainian-Canadians and the War's New Phase," published in SATURDAY NIGHT on July 12, 1941.

In this article, Mr. Davies raises an alarm about "the confusion brought into the ranks of the more than three hundred thousand Ukrainian-Canadians by Hitler's attempt against the Soviet Union." He frantically appeals to the Canadian Government to do something for the purpose of "*winning* the whole mass of the Ukrainian-Canadians for whole-hearted participation in the war effort." He makes an appeal to Ottawa that it "should study ways and means of uniting the whole Ukrainian population to fight Hitler." The headnote to this article says: "The Dominion Government is faced with the immediate problem of reviewing the whole Canadian Ukrainian situation. Every effort must be made to *win* the mass of the more than 300,000 Ukrainian Canadians to whole-hearted participation in the war effort and every attempt to establish a Nazi fifth column among them via the spurious pro-Nazi regime which might be formed in Kiev, must be frustrated. All anti-Nazi forces among the Ukrainians should be rallied for this objective."

Why all this alarm? Evidently Mr. Davies fears that because of the anti-Communist sentiments of the mass of the Ukrainians in Canada, they may become easy dupes of Hitler. Mr. Davies believes that Hitler will create a puppet regime in Kiev, the effect of which, in his opinion, may lead to a Nazi fifth column among the Ukrainians in in Canada. Are his fears warranted? Does he produce any material facts which would entitle him to express his fears publicly.

Only Pro-Canada

Mr. Davies tries to convince the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT that there are grave reasons for his anxiety that the Ukrainian-Canadians, who up to the outbreak of the German-Russian war were loyal to Canada, may change their loyalty into disloyalty and even may become a fertile field for a "Nazi fifth column" activities among them. His method is very simple. He divides the Ukrainians into two sections—"those favoring the Soviet Ukraine and supporting the Communist policy of the people's front" (We even forgot that such a thing as "people's front" still exists) and "those opposed to it and favoring an independent Ukraine." The latter group he divides into two basic groupings, that of the United Hetman Organization and that of the "United Nationalist Organization (U.N.O.)."

It appears, however, from Mr. Davies' analysis that those "favoring an independent Ukraine" are nationalists and, therefore, according to him, "pro-Nazi." As we see, the matter is very simple for Mr. Davies. The Ukrainian-Canadians, as far as their organizations go, are composed only of two elements: pro-Soviet and pro-Nazi. It does not occur to him that the bulk of Ukrainian-Canadians may be neither pro-Soviet nor pro-Nazi *but only* pro-Canada. According to Mr. Davies "the two anti-Soviet groups placed their full faith in Hitler" but owing to their dissatisfaction and embarrassment over the non-aggression pact between Hitler and Stalin, they began "to see in Hitler a barrier to the achievement of their ambitions. The two organizations in Canada then began to support activities favoring the British cause in the hope that a British victory might restore the Ukraine to them and might result in weakening or expelling the Reds."

Facts and Inventions

Mr. Davies believes, however, that as a result of the German-Russian war "the situation has again become different" and he is afraid that the Ukrainian nationalists of the two named groups may falter in their loyalty to Canada and become again favorable to Hitler's aggression in the Ukraine, and he cites several "facts" in support of his contention.

A perusal of these "facts" shows that he has obtained them from Communist sources. They are not facts but Communist inventions. Most of these "facts" were featured by the *Canadian Tribune* in its issue of February 15, 1941, a paper with definite Communist tendencies published in Toronto. Without any attempt to check up on the information obtained from Communist sources, Mr. Davies simply repeats the unfounded allegations of the *Canadian Tribune*.

Following the *Canadian Tribune*, Mr. Davies states as a fact that "*New Pathway*, U.N.O. organ, published in Toronto" (as a matter of fact, *New Pathway* is published in Saskatoon) "wrote on March 13, 1939, under the signature of its foreign correspondent R. Korda: 'Regarding the role of Germany as our ally there is an unanimous agreement among us'." In fact, the *New Pathway* of that date quotes a statement from the *Nastup*, a Ukrainian paper published in Chust, Carpatho-Ukraine. This statement can in no way be attributed to the *New Pathway*.

Again, on the information of the *Canadian Tribune*, he says of the *New Pathway*: "On June 12, 1939, the same paper stated editorially: 'In Germany we see our most natural and most powerful ally'." I have carefully read the said paper of that date and find that no such statement was made by it editorially. The *New Pathway* on its editorial page of June 12, 1939, published a statement of the Ukrainian National Press Service in Europe, in which a strong criticism was made of Hitlerite Germany in respect of her policy towards the Carpatho-Ukraine. In the course of this criticism the Ukrainian National Press Service quoted excerpts from the *Nastup* of December 11, 1938, (published in Chust, Carpatho-Ukraine) in which the quotation referred to in Mr. Davies' article appeared.

Mr. Davies then quotes *The Hour*, a pro-Communist publication published in New York City, as the source of his information about "the pro-Nazi Ukrainian American newspaper *Svoboda*," which the Canadian Government for a short while banned from Canada. The facts are that the Canadian Government investigated this matter fully in December, 1940, and was satisfied that the *Svoboda* was not pro-Nazi and as a result of this investigation the *Svoboda* has since been admitted to Canada. I may add that, as a matter of fact, the policy of the *Svoboda* is decidedly anti-Nazi.

The Metcalfe Statement

To prove that there is "a Canada-wide Ukrainian Nazi organization," Mr. Davies quotes a statement by one John C. Metcalfe, as published on November 15, 1940, in the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. In that statement, Mr. Metcalfe called himself "a private investigator of the Dies Committee on Un-American activities." In fact, Mr. Metcalfe proved an ordinary adventurer as at that time he had no connection whatsoever with the Dies Committee, had no authority to speak for the said Committee and had no access to the files of the Dies Committee.

Mr. Davies also quotes an *imaginary* appeal of Col. Melnyk, leader of Ukrainian Nationalists in Europe, allegedly made by him in September, 1939. In this appeal, according to Mr. Davies' Communist informants, Col. Melnyk said: "In this war support the cause of Germany, Italy and Japan." The fact is that no such appeal was ever made or published by Col. Melnyk.

Mr. Davies also quotes a sentence about Ukrainian nationalists from Professor Watson Kirkconnell's book: "Canada, Europe and Hitler." In fairness to Professor Kirkconnell, Mr. Davies should have made reference to Professor Kirkconnell's letter which appeared in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* of February 3, 1941, and which is referred to in the *Canadian Tribune* of February 15, 1941, the principal source of information for Mr. Davies. In his letter in the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, Professor Kirkconnell stated his views about the Ukrainian nationalists in Canada as those who were whole-heartedly behind Canada's war effort, having cut themselves clear from any entanglements with Ukrainian organizations in Europe.

To prove his point, Mr. Davies "quotes" from my own address, which I delivered on January 15, 1939, "over station CKY" (should be CJRC) Winnipeg. In fact, he does not quote from my address but is satisfied to reprint a portion of my addresses as "quoted" by the *Canadian Tribune* of February 15, 1941. (He even spells my first name the way of the *Canadian Tribune*—Vasyl instead of *Wasyl*). *Canadian Tribune* "quotes" me as follows:

"Nationally-minded Ukrainians would be inclined to give all possible assistance to Germany in her Eastward thrust because the Ukrainians in Europe see in Germany the only power which now seems to be friendly to the establishment of a united Ukrainian state."

In my address of January 15, 1939, which was delivered during the highlights of the Munich period, I was asked to present the probable reaction of the Ukrainians *in Europe* towards Germany's "Drang Nach Osten" at *that* time. My address was delivered as one of a series under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. In it, I made the following statement (only the underlined words are quoted by the *Canadian Tribune* and Mr. Davies):

"Therefore, if I were to give a concise resume of what the Ukrainian reaction would be in case Germany decided to prosecute her policy of 'Drang Nach Osten' even more vigorously than she does it now, even to the point of engaging in a war with Russia, my answer would be that the *nationally-minded Ukrainians*, with the exception of the Communists who place the class interests above those of national independence, *would be inclined to give all possible assistance to Germany in her eastward thrust*, provided only Germany gave a clear undertaking to stand by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, *because the Ukrainians in Europe see in Germany the only power which now seems to be friendly to the establishment of a united Ukrainian State*."

My statement referred to the possible reaction to Hitler's eastward march of the Ukrainians in Europe, and I carefully pointed this in my said address in the following words:

"My listeners will of course understand that what I have just stated represents the views of the Ukrainians in Europe."

The anti-Soviet Ukrainian-Canadians, although they are in favor of Ukrainian independence in Europe, owe no allegiance to individual Ukrainian leaders in Europe or to any government that may come into existence on Ukrainian territories in Europe—their only allegiance being to Canada and the British Empire. To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln's words, Ukrainian-Canadians love Canada "partly, because it is their own country, and mostly, because it is a free country."

To give proof of their undivided loyalty to Canada and in furtherance of Canada's war effort, all anti-Communist Ukrainian associations, represented by five Dominion-wide organizations, have formed the Ukrainian-Canadian Committee which has contributed a great deal towards Canada's war effort. I am as certain that the formation of the Ukrainian-Canadian Committee contributed not only to unity among Ukrainian-Canadians but also to Canadian unity generally in this war as I am certain that articles like that of Mr. Davies may prove detrimental to Canadian unity.

May I be permitted to express the attitude of Canadian-Ukrainians in the words which I used in my radio address on January 15, 1939, which, by the way, Mr. Davies tries to use as one of his "proofs" of pro-Nazi sentiments among us in Canada:

"I may assure my listeners that no matter what may be in store for the Ukrainians in Europe, the Ukrainians in Canada in any crisis that may arise will stand loyally by Canada and the British Empire."

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THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT YOU'LL LIKE

Reconstruction of the Conservative Party

BY DANA PORTER

This is the first of a series of three articles dealing with the function of an Opposition Party in time of war and with a view to the prospect of reconstruction after war. The first article deals with the necessity for a strong and intelligent Opposition; the second will discuss the reasons why the Conservative Party should constitute that Opposition. The third will discuss the problem of leadership in the Conservative Party.

WAR gives no time for political controversy. War proscribes partisan ambitions, partisan jealousies and partisan obstructions beyond the pale of patriotic undertakings. The pursuit of party advantage takes on the hue of superfluous luxury. Yet now in the midst of war more urgently than at any other time, a pressing need remains for a strong, intelligent, positive conservative opposition.

War suddenly lifts government to an eminence of unparalleled power. Government lays a heavy hand upon private wealth, free speech and the liberties of men. Government becomes the master of industry. An army, navy and air-force spring into being. Government feeds, clothes and equips them and disposes of their destination.

Government demands loyalty, sacrifice, unquestioning willingness of individuals to run the gravest risk. Every citizen becomes daily more conscious of the increasing vastness, the overwhelming importance of government in the lives of individual men. The long-term policies laid down, the decisions made from day to day, not merely affect each individual in almost every conceivable aspect of his life but slowly and surely mark the course of future generations.

Where there is government, there must be politics. The individual who never before showed political interest or political leanings now finds that he has a vital stake in government; consequently, he has a vital stake in politics. War transforms politics from a second-rate adventure into a first-rate craft. For the individual, politics ascends to a peak of prime importance.

One-Party Rule

The people of Canada have declared in no uncertain terms their readiness to wage war. The politicians decide upon the size of the active forces. They appoint commanders. They arrange for the equipment. They impose the taxes. The politicians must satisfy the people that the nation is waging war with the maximum efficiency and with intelligent purpose. The people have everything to lose or everything to gain by the issue. The army, navy and airforce are theirs. The cause is theirs. The sacrifice is theirs. But the politicians are, in a sense, only partly theirs. The Government consists of men representing no more than one-half of the voting public.

It is difficult, perhaps, to see how, under the circumstances, the government could have been carried on more effectively in any other way. The inclusion of a few outsiders and leading members of the Opposition in the Cabinet might not only tend to weaken the solidarity of the Cabinet but would surely extinguish the Opposition. The nature of constitutional practice in our democratic institutions is such that the political party returning the majority of members to Parliament is entitled to form the Government. It is only when the Opposition is unusually strong that a coalition might become necessary or desirable. The Opposition, in performing its normal functions, opposes policies with which it disagrees, criticizes measures, and endeavors to be ready, if the occasion arises, to form an alternative government. The totalitarian scale of the undertaking that has now fallen to the responsibility of a victorious political party imposes a new necessity for a strong influential, wise Opposition.

Not an Alternative

The war has divested the Opposition of two of its usual characteristics. First, all parties are unanimous on the major policy that the war should be fought and won. Secondly, the Opposition is not sufficiently strong to hope during the next four years to defeat the government on any other question. Its normal status of a possible alternative Government is not an immediate reality. The sole remaining function of the Opposition is to criticise. At a time when the nation drives the Government to decisive action, it is not in the national interest for the Opposition to weaken, divert or divide. It is not for the Opposition now to plan as its major aim to chase the Government from power. It is for the Opposition by the wisdom of its criticism rather to lend strength to the Government, to give balance to the lop-sided endeavor, to awaken total confidence in a total pursuit of total victory.

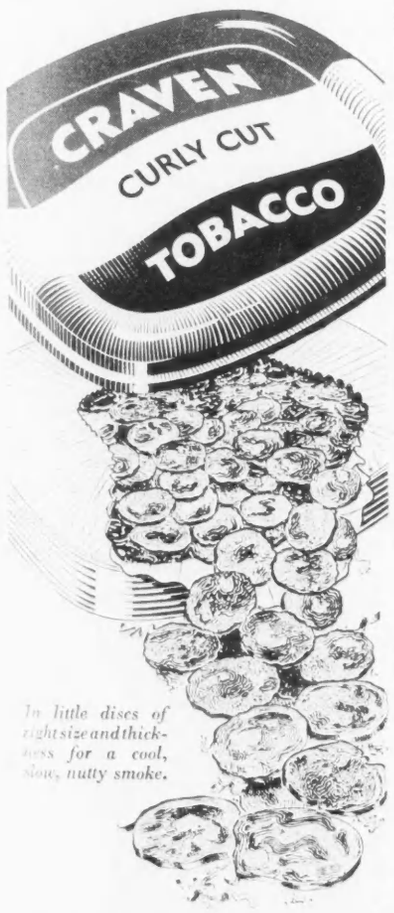
If the Opposition acts with imagination and judgment it may profoundly influence the course towards victory. It is the only voice for the many who lack complete confidence in the party in power. If it performs its duty well, it will surely restore confidence to the minds of those in doubt. For the opposition is the watchdog. When it is alert and well directed it can forestall many errors. It can influence the adoption of many constructive measures. The people have an obvious and vital concern in the politicians composing the Government. They have an equally vital concern in the politicians forming the Opposition.

Room for Criticism

Few will deny that the conduct of the war by the Liberal Government is in many respects open to grave criticism. It is all very well to place the whole blame upon the Liberal party. Those who follow this course overlook the main source of deficiency. The real blame for failures, the real blame for the lack of a national government at the present time does not fall entirely upon the Liberal party, but must be equally shared by the Conservative opposition. The large majority of the Liberal party in the House of Commons is not entirely its own fault.

The Conservative party was until recently the most positive and consistent political force in the life of Canada. It has allowed itself to deteriorate. It has not lost its fighting qualities, but it has lost its fighting power. It has temporarily lost its hold as a co-ordinate political unit. The Honorable R. B. Hanson has shown admirable wisdom and skill in the limited sphere that has been allotted to him. But lacking the prestige of permanent leadership, he cannot be expected to gain the larger confidence of the public.

If the Conservative party will examine itself honestly and with an open mind; if it will seek for new men; if it will again play the positive role which has been its most distinguishing part in the past, it will swiftly and surely rise again. If the Conservative party were strong, its influence on Canada's part in the war would be immeasurably great. Its contribution to our post-war destiny would be invaluable. The reconstruction of the Conservative party is an immediate national necessity.



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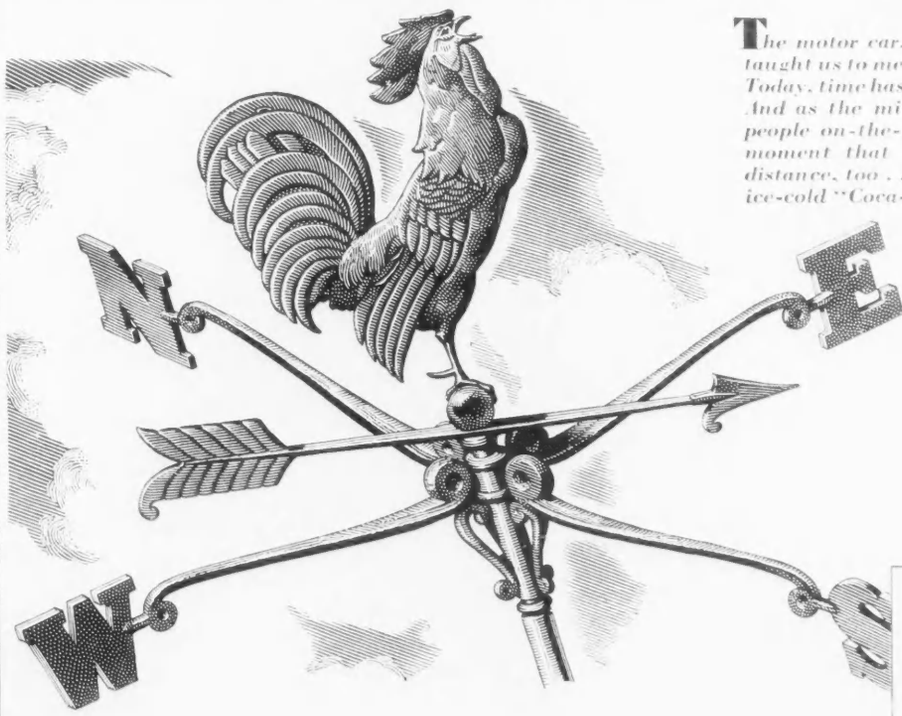


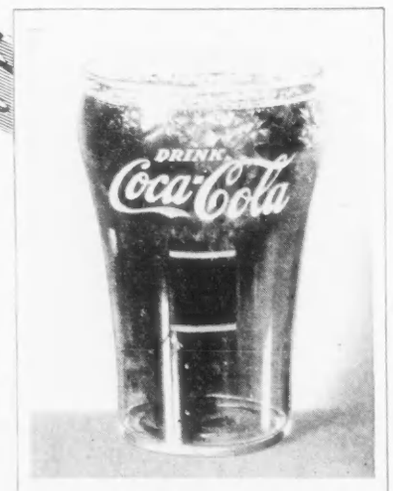
The motor car, streamliner and airplane have taught us to measure miles in terms of minutes. Today, time has more significance than distance. And as the minute has grown in importance, people on-the-move have found another little moment that everywhere seemingly shortens distance, too . . . the pause that refreshes *with ice-cold "Coca-Cola."*

A nation that has brought its horizons closer together with wings and wheels has discovered that today's fast pace needs frequent pauses. So, no matter where people go or how they go, ice-cold "Coca-Cola" goes along or greets them at stops along the way . . . to offer *the pause that refreshes.* Every day, millions welcome it.

Any custom that becomes an everyday matter in the lives of millions must have something *natural* about it. There's something very *natural* about pausing to still thirst with ice-cold "Coca-Cola." There's something natural, too, in the expressions so often heard, such as "I want a 'Coca-Cola'" or "Give me a 'Coke,' please." For ice-cold "Coca-Cola" is just naturally "delicious and refreshing." It is pure, wholesome and good.

Today, more than ever, a needed pause for refreshment takes on the significance of a pleasant essential to a people intensely at work . . . and *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold "Coca-Cola" is doing that job everywhere, every day.

Pause ... Go refreshed
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK



THE FOUNTAIN GLASS FOR "COCA-COLA." The standard glass for "Coca-Cola" is used at soda fountains everywhere. It bears the frosted trade-mark "Coca-Cola." Another feature is the guaranteed beaded rim which makes it hard to chip, avoiding the possibility of sharp edges. Fountain operators, too, appreciate its reinforced bottom which greatly reduces the problem of breakage.

Enjoy *The Pause that Refreshes* with ice-cold "Coca-Cola"

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Washington, D.C.

ON THE theory that too much of a good thing is an effective antidote for insomnia, most of us who attend joint Canadian-American functions find ourselves stifling a yawn the moment the principal speaker gets around as he invariably does to his peroration about "3,000 miles of undefended border" and "more than 100 years of peace and mutual understanding."

Because we have come to accept this relationship as commonplace as a drink of cold water on a hot day, we regard this sort of speechmaking as a necessary but nonetheless distinct bore. The more iconoclastic of us envision the same thought (with a revision of figures) being expressed at a meeting of the Pilgrims Society in London or possibly at the Danish-German Potato Jobbers Association convention in Copenhagen.

I think, however, that Canadians have for so long taken for granted the ideal of our American relationship that we do not stop to realize its perfection or its immensity.

The feeling which exists in the United States toward Canada is unique; unique not in the sense of being bizarre or extraordinary; unique not in the sense of being interesting or arresting; but unique in its most literal meaning, something of which there is only one, something without parallel.

This, I believe, has been one of the by-products of the last two years of vicious domestic debate on America's foreign policy.

Uncle Sam's Favored Cousin Above All Others

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

THE debate has raged around the question of how much Britain's war means to the United States, spiritually and from the viewpoint of American defence. The opposition to American involvement in the war has trained its guns principally against the British Empire.

Although Canada is part of the Empire and is also in the war as an active belligerent, no American seeking public support dares express the faintest enmity toward the Dominion. Such a thing would constitute political suicide; the American people wouldn't stand for it. This would have the same fatal effect as running for office in Boston on an anti-Catholic platform, or in New York on an anti-Jewish ticket. Indeed, the feeling for Canada is even more explosive. Conceivably there are sections in the United States where a man might be elected to local office on a platform which includes anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish or anti-British sentiment. There are communities in Texas where an anti-Mexican ticket may bring in political rewards. But Canada is in the same class with the Bible, the Union, and Mickey Rooney. One can't say a word in opposition, anywhere. It is, I think, almost axiomatic.

This is not entirely due to the Dominion's strategically important position at the top of the North American continent. There is much of a completely unselfish nature in America's concern for Canada. This is an extraordinary thing to say at this most brutal period in the history of an imperfect world, but it is so and can be shown to be so. Which is what makes the relationship between the Dominion and the Union unique.

BY WAY of proof, I offer the activity of the isolationist opposition. This ranges from Wheeler and Lindbergh of the America First Committee, through the German-American Bund, through the American outgrowths of the Irish Republican Army, through Joe McWilliams, the avowed pro-Nazi, down to the official Nazi propagandist in the United States, one George Sylvester Viereck.

From Wheeler to Viereck we run the gamut of anti-British feeling in the United States. Wheeler is shrewd and politic about his anti-British utterances; the others are successively more unrestrained until we reach McWilliams and Viereck who are so arrogant and irresponsible as to be embarrassing to the isolationist movement. But none of them, not even the most outspoken, dares utter an unfriendly word about Canada. The lowest and least politic of them is aware enough to halt his vituperation at the northern border.

Of course, when these people falsely charge that Canada is not making the fullest war effort, we of the Dominion regard this as an insult. But obviously it is not intended as such. It is merely a method of using America's great regard for Canada as an argument in behalf of isolationism in the United States. The isolationists are perfectly aware of America's admiration for the common sense and stability of Canadians; which is why they try to point to Canada's alleged lack of war spirit as an entirely commendable example.

THIS unique feeling toward Canada, therefore, is both a privilege and a challenge; a privilege because it is nice to be the favored cousins above all others of rich and powerful Uncle Sam; a challenge because we know that what we do will deeply affect the speed and the direction of the action to be taken by the most powerful non-belligerent nation on earth.

THE word in the capital is "Watch Japan!" The Nipponese problem is expected to come to a head within two weeks or go into retirement, perhaps for years. . . As though it needed emphasis, the President on Friday reiterated his order to the Navy to keep the Atlantic ship lanes clear of danger or the threat of danger. This involves the use of more than peashooters.

Some Northwestern Congressmen are demanding action on the Alaska highway through Canada and are applying pressure to the White House.

The Senate is expected to pass legislation retaining selectees indefinitely without lengthy debate. To be effective the proposal must become law by August 1, which means that a test of isolationist responsibility will be forthcoming. . . If they want to be obstructive, the Senate isolationists can easily keep the debate going beyond August 1. . . Testifying on the bill before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Major General Williams said, "He (a commanding officer) told his selectees that they weren't going home until the job was finished and Hitler had been licked—and they cheered for 30 minutes." The General made this observation when asked if retention of the selectees would cause a breakdown in morale.

ARE the isolationists gaining strength? — Washington thinks they are definitely losing strength. The reaction to the President's move in sending troops to Iceland has delighted administration supporters. The nation accepted the fait accompli with enthusiasm and every attempt by Senators Wheeler and Taft to frighten the American people into a demand for recall of the Marines has fallen flatter than one of Senator Nye's speeches.

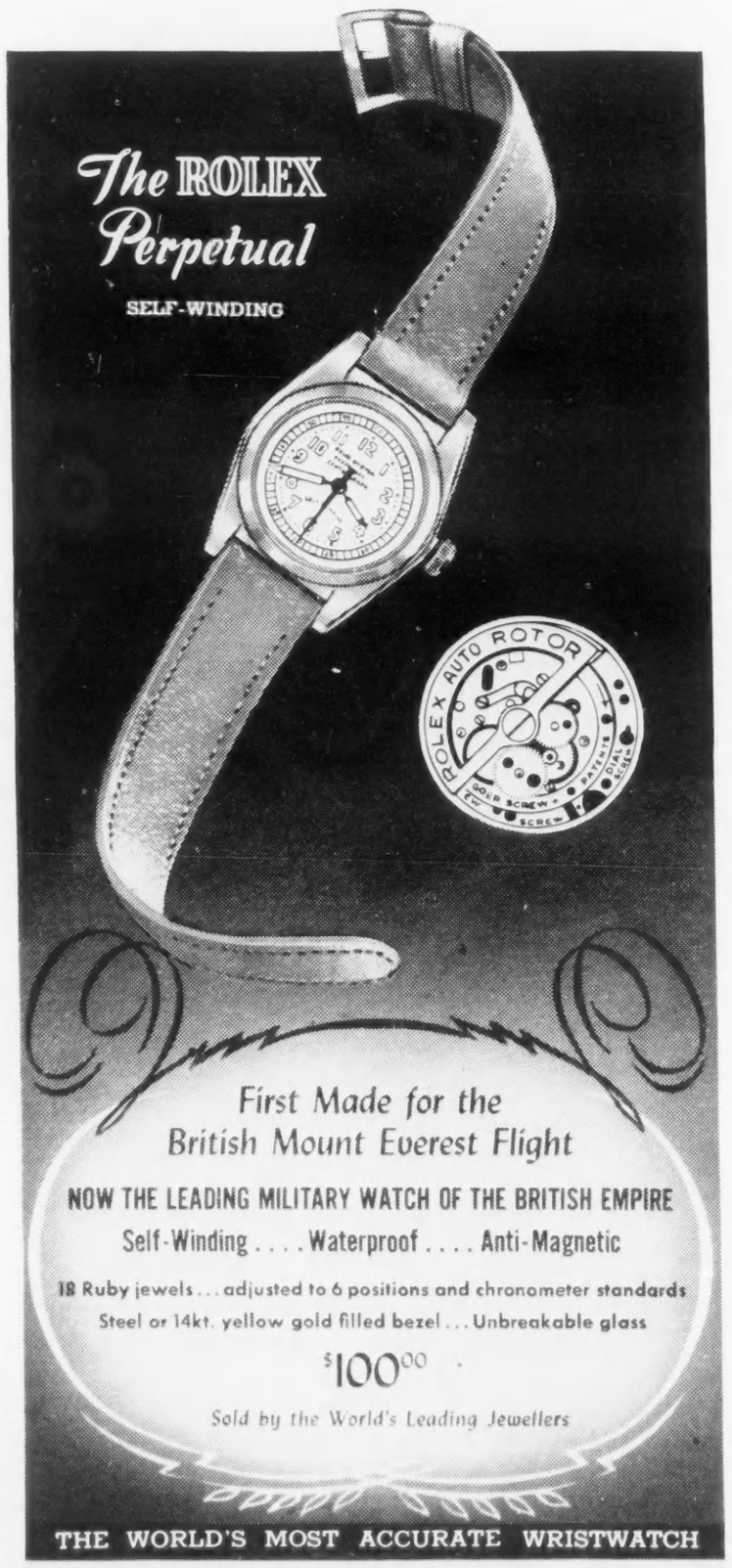
What has alienated most Americans from isolationism has been the insistence of the America First Committee that a negotiated peace should now be reached. Such spokesmen as Lindbergh and Wood might have gained ground on a platform of straight isolation from European affairs; yet they pushed forward the idea of a negotiated peace. Had they been shrewder judges of American opinion, they would have known that the American people are firmly united on one proposition: They don't want Hitler to win. And a negotiated peace now would mean a Hitler victory. Thus they have pushed a great many Americans who might have favored plain isolation into the administration camp.

HOW ELDERLY WOMAN ESCAPED BACKACHE

Many people think that backache is a trouble that comes naturally with advancing years, but this woman of 71 proves that it is not.

"I suffered for a long time from backache," she writes, "but put it down to my age (71). Reading your announcement, I thought I would try Kruschen Salts. I have been taking it for some time and have found great relief. I thought you would like to know it has done me a world of good."—(Mrs.) E.R.

When pains in the back are caused by inactive kidneys and failure of the digestive system to throw off poisonous impurities, Kruschen Salts will give real help in setting the matter right. Because Kruschen has a diuretic action which helps to flush your kidneys and liver. After that, your blood throws off all impurities; you get happy relief from pain.



Revolt in Bolivia

BY REGINALD H. MEEK

REVOLUTIONS grow on trees in Bolivia. There have been many. Another was attempted last week. There will probably be others. During the last twenty years there has been an average of one revolution every three years in Bolivia, while statisticians have hopelessly lost count of the number of attempted revolts against the Government.

"The longer any Bolivian Government is in power the more insecure its seat becomes," a well informed Bolivian gentleman told me not long ago in La Paz, the de facto Capital. I was in Bolivia during the last State of Siege; now another *Estado de Sitio* has been proclaimed. Ho hum. Bolivia has passed half of the last twenty years under a State of Siege. Her last President, Germa Busch, committed suicide, they say. When today's good President Enrique Penaranda was elected by the largest majority of votes ever recorded by any president in the history of the country, Bolivians told me: "We are tired now of revolutions. We want order, progress and peace." A clearly discernable "we hope" expression wells into their eyes. But Bolivians believe in President Penaranda—"he lacks experience, but he is honest and well intentioned." General Penaranda is the first president to have been legally elected since the disastrous Chaco war with Paraguay six years ago.

BUT you see, six-sevenths of Bolivia's 3,500,000 people are Indians and *cholos* (mixed Indian and white) and the remaining 250,000 white Spanish descendants think of little else but who is going to be the next *presidente*, or who is going to be in charge of the oil wells formerly belonging to the Standard Company, or who is going to think up new taxes for the Bolivian Power Co. Ltd., which is a Canadian firm operating the street cars, telephones, and electric light in La Paz.

Everybody who is anybody among this 250,000 in Bolivia wants to be president. It's in his blood just like a craving for salted peanuts, or horse races or Madeleine Carrol. And if a man gets to be a Captain in the army, why then it is his natural due and privilege to become *presidente* in the quickest possible manner . . . rapido! So when President Penaranda expropriated the German airline, Lloyd Aereo Boliviano, two months ago, why it became doubly easy for leaders of the "Nationalist Revolutionary Movement" to obtain financial and other support from the Nazis in La Paz. Most Bolivians are desperately poor, and it is easy for a man to convince a few others that he should be president.

GERMAN influence is strong in Bolivia. Big German firms are many and they realize the value of advertising. The British firms do not. Result—all newspapers except two, *La Razon* and *La Noche* accept German "news hand-outs" written in the local German Legation along with advertisements from German firms. One newspaper, *El Diario*, for example, has been in the habit of accepting 1000 Bolivianos daily from the Germans and devoting one complete page every day to German written material. The astute German firm Casa C. F. Gundlach, that has made handsome profits selling motor-cars in Bolivia, "loaned" three-quarters of a million Bolivianos on the "no interest" plan to this same newspaper in return for sympathetic editorial cooperation.

Senor Guillermo Gutierrez is mentioned in the news dispatches. He is Director of the pro-British newspaper *La Razon*. A smiling young man with an English accent, "Willie" as he is known to his friends told me that the Germans would pay him 100,000 Bolivanos a month (a whale of a lot of money in Bolivia) if he would run their "news" releases in his paper.

A very good friend of Don Willie is the Commercial and Press Attaché to the British Legation, Mr. Anthony Ashton. To this gentleman goes my largest and sweetest bouquet of orchids for his positive and effective efforts and his "diplomatic diplomacy" in promoting pro-British sentiment in Bolivia.

DESPITE the German efforts, Britain still has friends in Bolivia. Sr. Simon Patino, the millionaire "Tin King," issued instructions last year to all his vast interests to cease purchasing from companies on the British black list. Thus the large and wealthy German traders, Zeller Moser, lost the profitable agency for the American Vacuum Oil Co.

Revolution is easy in Bolivia because General Penaranda's country is poverty in the midst of plenty, and the men of the city are born with a fiery speech on their lips. Bolivia has been described as a man in tatters eating scraps from solid gold plates. Bolivia is trying desperately hard to recover from an estimated expenditure of $(U.S.) 545,000,000 during the years of the Chaco war. She is trying to build and maintain a democratic form of government for the people. She needs help. Bolivia is a landlocked little place of tin, llamas, passion fruit, and Indians made listless from chewing the drug-giving cocoa leaf.

Little Bolivia cries today for an outlet to the Pacific through Africa, which, they say, depends entirely on Bolivian trade for its economic existence. No one listens. The minds of men in Bolivia turn to violent politics. Ho hum. Help yourself to more *papaya*.

Russian Guerilla Warfare Threatens Germans

Soviet guerilla warfare is seriously hampering the forward movement of Nazi troops into Russia.

Tens of thousands of armed patriots fight the enemy far behind his front. Snipers pick off transport drivers, set supplies on fire, wreck troop and ammunition trains. They even succeed in destroying tanks.

Side by side with this mass warfare, sabotage against the Nazi machine is on the increase.

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

REGARDLESS of the outcome of the present Fascist drives toward Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev, it is quite probable that the final result of the German-Soviet war will be decided in great part by the struggle behind enemy lines of countless detachments of Russian patriot partisans who are already engaged in bitter guerilla warfare.

This warfare is truly a people's method of struggle. It is the quintessence of decentralized but well-organized and well-directed resistance to the invader. Far from being elemental and spontaneous, "guerilla warfare" in the words of a Russian military instructor in Spain (cited in *PM*) "is the operation of small but organized groups at the rear of the enemy. They must attack the foe continuously, following the plans of a General Staff that uses the guerillas as an auxiliary to large-scale operations of the regular army units."

Every guerilla group is an army in miniature supported by a loyal local population and imbued with certainty of victory. Defeatism completely precludes guerilla fighting.

There is no wonder that Josef Stalin in his address to the Russian people laid great stress on the organization of this unorthodox network of armies behind the enemy's front. Stalin linked his appeal for partisan fighting with the call for mass sabotage against the enemy and for the destruction of all materials and accommodations which might be useful to the invader. The result was not long in coming and the German General Staff admitted the effectiveness of the Russian weapon by declaring that all Soviet militiamen, as it called everyone outside the regular army troops, would be shot as *franc-tireurs*.

Guerillas' Decalogue

As soon as it became apparent that the Nazi thrust could not be held up in the buffer regions of Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia and Bessarabia, the Soviet High Command issued a special decalogue for guerilla fighters.

Its ten directives were as follows:

1. In combat, watch for your comrades. He will watch for you.

2. Do not bother about the wounded during action. Watch the enemy. The wounded will be adequately attended to after the battle.

3. The sooner you destroy the enemy, the less danger there will be of him destroying you.

4. If you attack the enemy once and he does not succumb, try again and keep on trying. The enemy is a human being; he will eventually give in.

5. If you cannot destroy the enemy by ordinary means, think of other ways. You are bound to succeed eventually.

6. Retire if necessary, let the enemy advance, but stay in the rear and harass him until you have destroyed him.

7. If the enemy is superior, retire but destroy everything in your retreat. Do not give the enemy the use of our food, shelters, water, etc.

8. If your enemy has superior forces as well as armament, use your own ingenuity to make up for this shortcoming. Make the enemy pay for every inch of ground.

9. Do not, under any circumstances, surrender to the enemy. If you seem to be fighting alone for a while, do not forget that your comrades are fighting for you somewhere else.

10. Remember, you must destroy the enemy at all cost if you wish to remain free.

A careful reading of even Berlin dispatches suggests that although only four weeks have passed since the outbreak of hostilities, guerilla fighting has already become an important factor in slowing up the German advance.

In one case, the Germans reported, Russian armored car troops, when their machines were put out of action, disappeared into the grain fields only to turn up as snipers elsewhere. In another case, Moscow relates, a loaded Nazi artillery ammunition train was blown up by the guerillas. The crew was exterminated. The guerillas succeeded in getting away. "In spite of protective measures undertaken by the Germans," the official Soviet News agency Tass reports, "not a few soldiers and truck drivers find their graves on the way to the front. The partisans (guerillas) let the tanks pass and open fire on the trucks, kill the drivers and set fire to the fuel. Their attacks always being unexpected, the tank crews are unable to cope with the situation. In a frenzy the tank commanders open fire on forest and thicket."

Berlin complains that "the Russians fight treacherously. Men play dead only to arise and fire on our troops from the back. Every barn, tree, haystack, hill become shields for invisible snipers."

Russian territory already occupied by the Germans offers an excellent terrain for guerilla warfare. The vast Pripet marshes, the wooded territories of eastern Poland, Latvia and Esthonia, the marshy swamplands

(*Continued on Page* 12)

Stalin Will Attack on the Southern Front

BY HENRY PETERSON

Here is still more prophecy by Henry Peterson, whose prediction (in our issue of March 29) that Hitler would attack Russia turned out to be uncannily correct even to its minor details, and whose second prediction (July 5) of "Victory by Christmas" we are all waiting to see fulfilled.

He now lays before us the Russian General Staff plan for a counter-offensive, and believes it will succeed. It aims at holding the Germans where they are strongest, on the northern and central fronts, and striking where they are weakest, on their southern front which contains far more Rumanians and Hungarians than Germans.

By October Churchill will have invaded the Continent, Roosevelt will have started a shooting war, and the thirty-million-men "do or die" V campaign will be assailing the Nazi war machine from within.

ENOUGH of these stupendous, staggering, *kolossal*, four-flushing Teutonic bleatings! Has the Russian General Staff no plan—apart from the role assigned it by our military experts (whatever a "military expert" may be) to retire and retire and retire, into the Urals and then apparently into Alaska? No strategic dream to match Hitler's? It has! That plan is as *kolossal* in concept as Hitler's seeking to shatter the Russian army by four counter-balancing shock attacks through Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev and Odessa. It is, I believe, far more substantial than the Teutonic, which is based on an unpredictable element, speed, while this Russian plan is based on a certainty, on Russia's greater mass of men and metal—and every day's fighting is showing the unsoundness of reliance on speed and the soundness of reliance on a calculable factor.

The plan is to wear the enemy down in the northern and central fronts—that is, from Murmansk down to Kiev, if necessary giving up Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev and Odessa—and to attack on the southern front, from around Kiev to the Black Sea. This plan, of course, presupposes that the German offensive on the northern and central fronts will so exhaust their best divisions that the sheer weight of Russian men and metal on this southern front will shatter it. Fantastic? No, it is as sound as strategy can be: Hold the enemy where he is strongest and strike at him where he is weakest.

Churchill Can Land

This Russian counter-offensive presupposes something else as well—that a real two-front war will have been opened up. So before we look into the heartening structure of the southern German front, let us examine Churchill's one and only demand of Britain's newest and most formidable ally—that the Russian army must still be capable of going on the offensive when the British army is thrown across the Channel. For the Russian army to be then capable of only defensive warfare might allow Hitler to contain it with a quarter of his vast forces and hurl the rest against the British army clinging once again to the Channel ports. Churchill cannot risk another Dunkirk.

So the two mighty allies are, alas! waiting for the same thing from the other—performance by the other first. Yet let us remember that never in England's perilous island story has a leader been faced with so fateful a decision as this throwing of the present British army across those few miles of water. Another Dunkirk might see another two years of war, until the American army could invade the Continent of Europe.

That Churchill can land today is clear. The R.A.F. has so blasted Germany's western land communications system—those railways and canals from the Ruhr to the Channel ports—that the German High Command has been forced to maintain its forces on the whole Channel front, military as well as naval, by sea transports, which is suicidal with the R.A.F. aerodromes only spitting distance away. *Hence that R.A.F. bag of 140,000 tons of shipping in one day alone at Rotterdam, the natural seaport of the Rhine.*

So we come back to Russian strength, which received such a setback at the hands of our military experts when political commissars were reinstated. War is a practical business. Surely this step was taken in case the main Russian armies had to give up a continuous front and fight an all-devouring guerilla war when every unit may have to work on its own? Then, it stands to reason that phlegmatic peasants brought up on Soviet doctrines can best be kept together by Soviet discipline, especially as so many Nazi agents would then be everywhere. Let us stop putting Russians, or anyone else, in our own shoes. Where would the Chinese armies have been today if Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his flamingly brilliant Chief of Staff, General Pai Chung-hsi, had fought according to modern Western military and political dogmas and not with means, ruses and strategems most "strange and peculiar," even "bland," and certainly always "dark?"

I believe the Russian General Staff will be able to show General Mason-Macfarlane, now with his delicate finger on the pulse of the Russian battles, the capacity to take the offensive should Hitler move great forces back from Russia to meet Churchill snorting on the Continent. Only then will the realistic Mason-Macfarlane—who, as you know, as Chief of Military Intelligence last year in France foretold the collapse of the French army and Dunkirk—only then will Churchill's stop-watch holder in Russia flag his chief the signal to throw in the mighty British clutch and begin an Allied counter-balancing from east and west on crumbling Nazidom.

A Quarter German

Let us return now to the Russian plan. The southern German front is manned by three Rumanians or Hungarians to one German, if the ratio is not today even higher. The Rumanians are not only poor soldiers but are nothing like as well trained or armed as the Russians, while the Hungarians though good fighters are also under-armed and under-trained compared to the Russian soldier of 1941.

Once the northern and central fronts are held—and the deeper in Russia the better, and I believe they will by by the middle of August—the monster Russian offensive will come on the southern front, and better from the long-prepared Dniester line than the Pruth. Even if it does not disrupt the enemy front such an attack will compel the German High Command to switch many Panzer divisions from the centre and north to save the Rumanian and Hungarian armies and prevent disaster to the whole Nazi adventure.

I believe this Russian offensive will do even more than just relieve the northern German pressure. It will break through and fulfill at least the first half of the General Staff dream. The southern Russian army will not only pour into Rumania and Hungary but down into Bulgaria, where the rank and file will liquidate their pro-German officers and join in with the Russians to penetrate into Yugo-Slavia and Greece, by which time an Italian army will be bolstering up the German divisions pulled from the reserve as well as from the northern battle to meet the rising Balkan tide. Nay, an enveloping tide, for by this time Auchinleck will either be marching through Turkey with the Turks or landing in Thrace and Greece. The poor Italian army! The breach will, of course, come wherever they may be "standing."

By this time too Churchill will have thrown the British army on to the Continent, fresh, superbly armed and superbly trained—armed not only with new weapons deadlier than the Nazis' best but filled with a bellicose spirit that will shock the bullies of Europe. Enough of Teutonic might, my friends! Let us remember what the British spirit can do when, sufficiently provoked, it is at last on the rampage.

Signal for the U.S.

The day Churchill invades the Continent, if the Congress of the United States does not declare war, I believe Roosevelt will start shooting. Not till then, for American shooting will start such an uprising among the 120,000,000 oppressed in Europe that its immense military value cannot be mistimed, nor can these peoples be allowed to run the risk of hideous reprisals if they rise too soon, which, I believe is the chief reason why Roosevelt has not yet taken the risk to ask the Congress to declare war.

And now—and now—comes this thrilling underground call to arms, the most inspiring European freedom has known since the Hollanders cried, "Up the beggars!" four centuries ago, paid with their lives and smashed the might of Spain—the imaginative, creepy, all-embracing V campaign with no holds barred. Yet it is its timing that is sending the coldest shivers down the Nazi spine. London and Washington have kept it patiently on ice until the Grand Avenger, Churchill, can carry Britain's flaming sword across the twice blessed waters of the English Channel to strike down the hideous Teuton and lead a contrite Continent to a saner new life.

Beginning of the End

How will the Russian plan have been progressing? The second part will follow—an all-out attack on the central front pushing up towards the north-west to trap the northern German wing. This will be the beginning of the end for the "invincible" Nazi war machine, helped to perdition by a collapse of German civilian morale shattered by merciless bombing and unnerved by the bully's cry for mercy. When will that end come? If all goes well, by the beginning of October. If there is Russian, British and American bungling—and one must allow for that,—still it will come by Christmas.

But will this imaginative Russian plan be given the chance to be carried out? I believe man power and weight of metal reinforced by the will to fight, to die, will see it succeed.

This is a bold forecast. So let us look into the facts of the situation as they appear in this fifth week of the blitzkrieg against a giant country. In only ten days last year the bull-rushing divisions had cornered the Allied northern wing and the Battle of France was lost. After thirty-five days the Russian army is not only intact but is inflicting irreparable losses (Time being the God of War) on the Panzer divisions and their equally highly trained motorized infantry.

All went according to plan in France; nothing is going according to plan in Russia. Let us look back on something that was of supreme significance, but "German invincibility" was still blunting the perception of too many at the time. That theatrical Berlin broadcast to the German people a week after the attack claim-

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ing successes that "staggered the imagination" was a portent of doom, especially as it was preceded the night before by that Goebbels-inspired statement of the German Consul General in New York that the British had been playing up the German victories so that their effect would be lessened when announced. This typical Teutonic whining was confirmation indeed—had the battles gone according to plan there would have been the usual arrogance; but when things go wrong there is whining. This instinctive display of the Teutonic character was a far better guide to how things were going than any hypnotized adding up of the problematic number of planes and tanks on either side;—it lifted the veil. And what confirmation of doom has come since in the growing Japanese lying in the German High Command communiques!

Big-Area Tactics

May I plead for a more realistic view of warfare among us? Western European strategic concepts are necessarily limited by the smallness of the fighting space in Western Europe, one step back too much and you're in the sea. The instinctive concept of the Chinese or Russians is the opposite—it is continental. Further, while the German advisers to Chiang Kai-shek's armies learnt nothing from China—very ably teaching their methodical Prussian doctrines but showing an incredible contempt for guerilla warfare—the Russian advisers learnt all the paralyzing Chinese tricks of guerilla warfare. Smallness of space has made us regard retreating as somewhat disgraceful and guerilla tactics as somewhat shady. In Heaven's name, let us at last give up making a parade of military virtues. Gentlemen of the English Guards will *not* fire First! Deception, encouraging the enemy's arrogance and creepy sabotage, that's the way!

This latest news that in open country each Russian infantryman is digging his own fox hole is, I believe, the tactical turning point of the Russian battles. Pockmark the terrain with these human holes, each pockmark about four tank-widths apart, and determined men spell disaster to the attacker's timetable when they are armed with hand grenades, gasoline bottles, crowbars for the bogies of tanks, and where there are not enough tommy guns to go round, then the old-fashioned rifle and bayonet for the opposing infantry. As the moron-necked Japanese generals have done in China, so the square-headed Nazi generals will soon learn in Russia how much stronger the human spirit is than machines when a fighting defender has man power and space enough. Will we never understand facts? The Chinese soldier is not dominant today because he had machines!

There is still another factor in Russia's favor. To prevent the shattering of German military as well as civilian morale Hitler and his generals must keep on attacking, and it will be bull-like, for the Teuton cannot run away from his violent nature. Can we not see Hitler raving at German Headquarters—"Attack, attack, attack?"

Allow me here to call in the wisdom of my military master, the Chinese general, Sun Tzu, who wrote the following words 25 centuries ago.

"There are three ways in which a ruler can bring misfortune to his army." The second and third concern army management, but the first is: "By commanding it to advance or retreat, being ignorant of the fact that the army cannot obey."

Tactics Must Be Changed

Sun Tzu (Sencius, latinized) also described the basic weakness of the Nazi war machine:

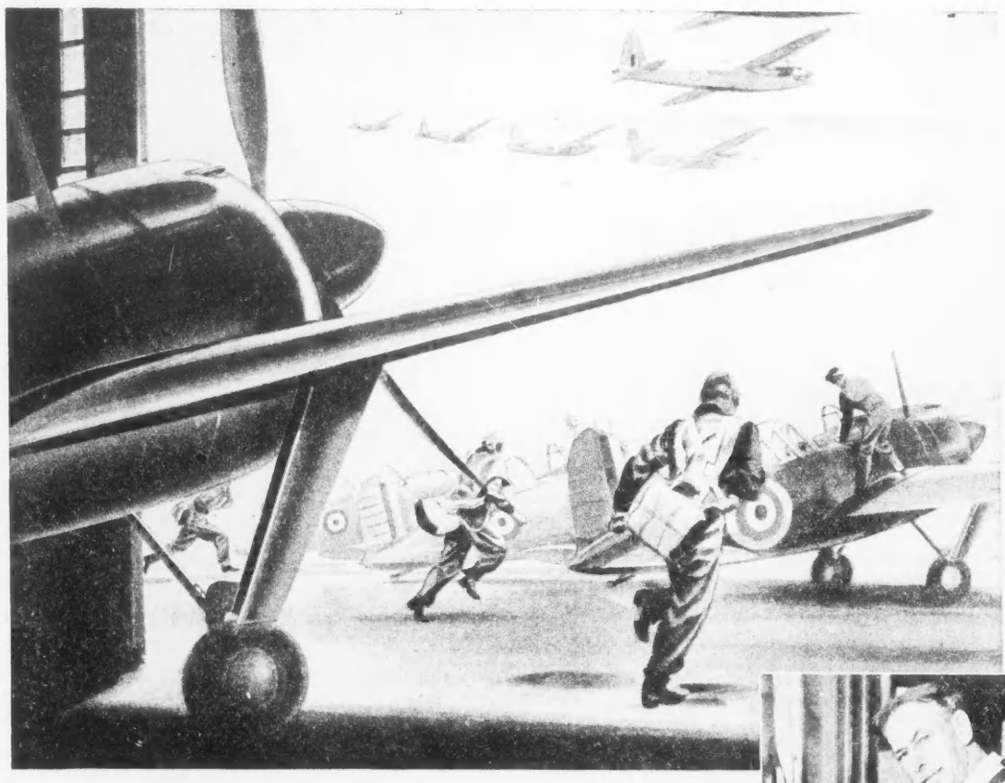
"Do not repeat the tactics which have gained you one victory, but let your methods be regulated by the infinite variety of circumstances. *In warfare there are no constant conditions.* He who can modify his tactics in relation to his opponent and thereby succeed in winning, may be called a heaven-born Captain."

None has yet arisen among the Nazi generals or there would not have been their constant, their dangerous, repetition of tactics. It is time we took a look at the blitzkrieg—high time. It depends on the fist more than on the brain. What happened in Poland, where the defending army could only retire into the jaws of another army, or in France, where the defending army was tethered to the Maginot Line while its General Staff was manacled to professional dogma, cannot happen in the vast spaces of Russia where brains must be taken to battle before even fists. Fundamentally, the blitzkrieg is nothing more than the bull methods of Passchendaele and Verdun, only on wheels and not on feet, that's all. It is the greatest shop-window dressing ever known, and is just a snare and a delusion against an enemy whose weight of metal and numbers is greater and is led not by Passchendaele bulls or Maginot-minded rabbits but by generals who fight with their wits. The Russian commanders have proved to be men of such cold common sense.

So what do these five weeks of fighting show? This, I believe: The Russian General Staff will be able to launch its southern counter-offensive; Churchill will be able to invade the Continent; Roosevelt will soon start shooting; and the marvellous Nazi war machine, assailed not only on two sides from without but also by 30,000,000 "do-or-die" V-campaigners from within will be utterly smashed by Christmas, if not even by October.

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased through Saturday Night's Book Service. Address "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, enclosing postal or money order to the amount of the price of the required book or books.



THE THUNDERING HERD—Brewster "Buffalos," powered with Wright Cyclone engines, on duty with the R.A.F. The entire resources of a continent are teamed for all-out production to achieve an "industrial Marne." In the airplane and aircraft engine industries, a 12-month expansion programme has surpassed anything achieved by dictatorship countries in any like period. Supplementing Britain's home production and thundering over Europe are bombers and fighters built by Brewster, Curtis, Lockheed, North American, Consolidated, Bell and others—and they all rely on Thompson precision parts, hardened and ground with scrupulous care for service under withering wartime conditions.

"WE INTEND TO SEE THIS THING THROUGH TO A FINISH": Frederick Coolidge Crawford, President of the Thompson Products companies, has long and repeatedly emphasized that Britain must have tanks, guns—above all, planes in overwhelming numbers—all the weapons of war the resources of a continent can muster. And Mr. Crawford "practices what he preaches," spending an average of 14 hours a day on the job. His determination is shared by the Thompson craftsman whose clever, cunning hands long skilled in precision work make ingenious machines perform miracles. Two men with a mission—typifying that spirit that animates the whole Thompson organization.

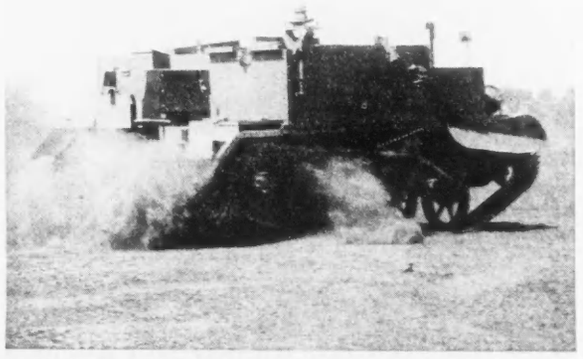
TWO MEN AND A MISSION

EXECUTIVE and craftsman at Thompson Products share a mutual pride in their company, its employee policies and aggressive spirit. But one common ideal is held above all others — a determination that each shall play his full part in the waging and winning of the greatest industrial battle this world has ever known—the production of "tools for war" on a scale that will assure qualitative and quantitative superiority for Britain.

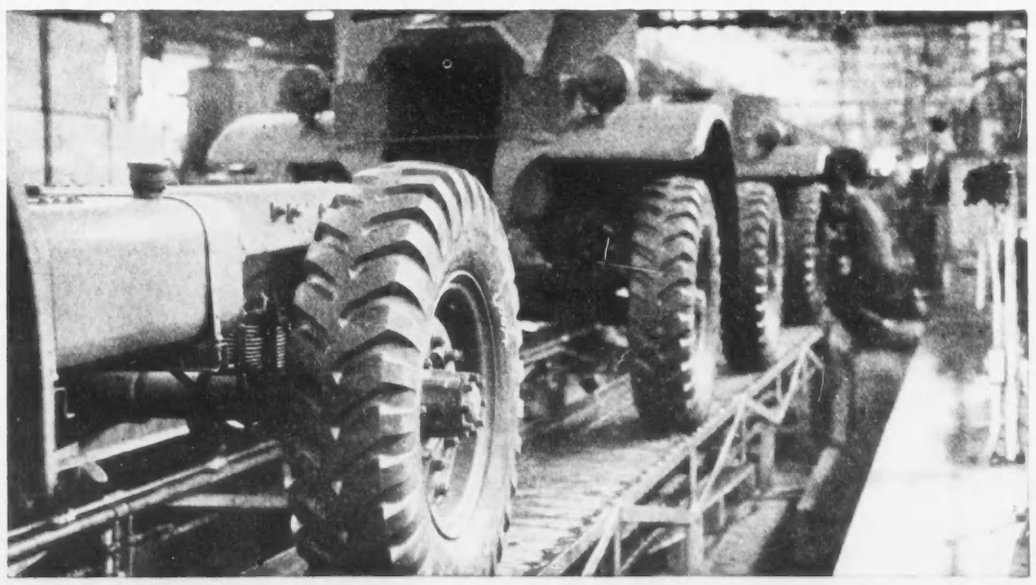
Over 1000 different parts for the aircraft and automotive industries are now being manufactured by the Thompson Products companies. Certain of these parts are held to dimensional tolerances of five *ten-thousandths* of an inch and superfinished to a surface accuracy of *one-millionth* of an inch. For it takes such *precision* to win mechanized wars—*precision* that gives machines added speed, stamina, striking power—*precision* that saves lives.

Batteries of roaring Thompson forges beat their wartime symphony in contrast with the grim silence of the men at the machines — grimly silent, yet terribly in earnest—men with a job to do and with the will and skill to see it through.

FROM ASSEMBLY LINE TO BATTLE LINE, Canadian machines for war keep rolling. About every four minutes at General Motors a gun tractor, load carrier or general service truck is completed and ready for action. In the assembly of all of them, some Thompson parts are used. Over 120,000 motorized army vehicles have already been produced through the joint effort of Canadian car factories, automotive parts manufacturers and Canada's basic industries while current production is believed to exceed 400 a day.



A "UNIVERSAL" DOES A "HAIRPIN"— and makes the dust fly. Equipped with a tank-like tread, the first to be manufactured in Canada, these speedy Universal Carriers are being produced in quantity at the Ford Windsor plant—and there's some "Thompson" in all Ford army units.



Russian Guerilla Warfare

(Continued from Page 9)

of the lower Dniester and the Danube make it possible for even large bodies of men to hide out in daylight hours only to emerge at night to attack the enemy in every conceivable way.

The organization of guerilla troops is relatively simple. When the regular army is forced to retreat from any given area, it leaves behind a number of key men, preferably derived from the same locality. To these men caches of arms and ammunition are entrusted. The Communist Party cell and leaders of the local Soviet determine the work to be undertaken and organize support for the guerilla troop which generally operates in the forests. Women, children and old men who remain in the village or town act as the intelligence service of the guerillas and transmit messages nightly informing them of new developments. In the case of a German effort to clean up the locality, the guerillas return to their homes for a while and then again initiate their troublesome—to the enemy—work. Of course, the Germans do not and will not shrink from executing whole populations of villages in order to intimidate the people with the view of preventing support from being extended to the partisans. However experiences during the revolution and the German occupation in 1918-1919 showed that such measures were in the long run ineffective and only increased hatred toward the conqueror.

Live Off the Enemy

Guerilla troop leaders are expected to develop their own initiative to the utmost. They must above all learn to "live off the enemy"—to take from the invader food, arms, supplies. There is no other way, of course, except through aviation support, for them to receive new weapons and replenishments of ammunition.

This is directly connected with the guerillas' essential tasks. Their job it is to sabotage the enemy's effort to consolidate his control of the territory and to send materials and men to the front. The guerilla troop is expected to wipe out bodily as many enemies as possible. But this is not to be done in daylight combat where the enemy can draw upon his tanks and planes. No head-on battles are accepted by the guerillas unless they are reasonably certain of superiority. Instead, every ruse is used, every ambush.

While the guerilla troop fights enemy armed forces on the march and in small localities, in the towns and larger villages the Communist cell does its best to rally the people to make the life of the invader miserable. Everything of use to the enemy is destroyed. Fires are started at night. Dead enemy cavalry horses are found in the morning with their throats cut. Telephone and telegraph wires are cut, the water supply destroyed or polluted. Together with the guerillas, town and village people destroy railway lines, mine bridges and attempt to establish a mass espionage system. In this connection, we can note that it is obviously impossible for the enemy to keep all of his movements secret. Specially-assigned partisans and patriots are given the task of counting enemy trains passing by, keeping track of the number of trucks and tanks etc. and this information is sent on to the guerillas and the regular army fighting the invader at the front.

Women and Children

Not only adult males but also women and children are reported active in carrying out this dangerous work. Members of the Young Pioneers (Soviet Scouts) have been trained in all border areas to act as couriers, messengers and to do all in their power to impede the enemy.

A slightly different problem is offered in the larger cities such as Kaunas, Riga, Byalostok and others. Here the invader is expected to try to set the factories into motion. Struggle against concentrated enemy forces in these cities usually can not be carried on by guerilla methods. Hence the trade unions and Communist organizations organize sabotage of industry; electric power plants which may not have been destroyed are wrecked, machinery in plants is put out of order and every measure is taken to make occupation useless from the economic point of view. The working class population of the larger cities also offers a constant source of new recruits for the guerillas and is organized for the manufacturing of weapons, the securing of medical supplies, the provision of doctors, nurses, etc., for the partisans.

Finally the Communist and other anti-Nazi organizations in Nazi-occupied countries are appealed to to sabotage industry and the war effort. Reports from Rumania indicate that local rebellions have already broken out and the Rumanian Government admitted that in Constanza the local power plant had been sabotaged by Soviet sympathizers.

The weapon of sabotage will become more and more effective as Soviet resistance continues and the R.A.F. raids on Germany increase. Let us hope that the B.B.C., which broadcasts daily in the tongues of the peoples of Nazi-invaded countries, will call for this terrible form of action, and will explain in detail how Nazi power plants can be put out of commission, machines destroyed, railways wrecked. The Czechs, Poles, Belgians, Yugoslavs and others will lend a ready ear to this, we may be sure.

As the invader penetrates deeper into the vast expanse of the Soviet Union, new possibilities for partisan action will arise and soon we can expect guerilla fighting to have the cumulative effect of thousands of bothersome pin-pricks, each fairly insignificant of itself but whose combined irritation will result in local and spreading infections. Thus it was during the German occupation of the Ukraine during the last war and thus it is now in China.

It would seem that so long as the basic mass of the population is anti-Nazi, guerilla activities can not be stopped but will increase each day. This is true of course only where the people are prepared for this type of warfare. There is a lesson here for all enemies of Hitler.

Success Story

IN TWO PARTS

PART ONE—Back in 1934 Campbell's first began blending plump, young, Canadian hothouse mushrooms with extra-thick cream, to make Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. At first it was regarded as an exclusive party soup. It was served at formal dinners, on special occasions. Then Campbell's backed this soup with substantial and consistent Canadian advertising. "Why not enjoy this 'party' goodness every day?" they kept saying over and over again. Sales of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup expanded. It became one of their "best sellers."

PART TWO — About a year ago Campbell's decided to do a little testing. They had been advertising their Cream of Mushroom Soup in various media. Canadian Home Journal had consistently carried its share of the load. But in 1940 Campbell's decided to confine their Canadian advertising for Cream of Mushroom Soup to magazines only. Soon things began to happen, and finally a careful checking of results revealed one of the greatest advertising "success stories" in years.

* * * * *

For Campbell's have been buying advertising for more than forty years. They expect every dollar they invest in advertising to produce results. This successful concentration of Cream of Mushroom advertising in Canadian magazines further intensifies Campbell's belief in the constant use of magazines. It is evidence, too, that advertising in Canadian Home Journal definitely produces action and increases sales.

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Superb cuisine. Dancing, golf, tennis, all sports. 120 rooms—modern. Beach for children. Moderate rates. Selected clientele. Write for booklet. W. H. Brennan, Mgr.
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PORTS OF CALL

Seigniory Club: a Dozen Vacations in One

By HILDA TURNER

THERE are times when the picturesque Province of Quebec seems only a series of outside staircases writhing fantastically into space or a procession of forbidding signs reading *Ne Stationnez vous Pas;* there are times when the charm and individuality which we feel are peculiarly that of our native province have submerged into the sameness that is characteristic of our continent. But a little time in the country, say in that attractive section which surrounds the Seigniory Club on the shores of the Ottawa river eighty miles west of Montreal, and that pessimism is repaired. Old houses with sturdy gable ends, brightly whitewashed log farmhouses in the back concessions, the crosses and more elaborate shrines by the wayside are all details that fit into a picture that is pleasant and picturesque giving an air unlike anything else in this part of the world.

The stranger is astonished to find French the one and only language of the villages, delighted to see a strong dog working happily in harness and touched to overtake two itinerant black robed fathers striding along the highway with knapsacks and umbrellas, bound for their annual retreat at the monastery at Oka. The people are charming, patient at the manhandling a stranger is apt to give their language, glad to show their homes and their handicrafts to those who are genuinely interested, and in the country districts, particularly, polite and hospitable to a degree that restores a little of one's faith in human nature. They are unobtrusively tenacious of their old ways and not greatly at ease when they abandon them structurally or habitually. Incredible houses with pastry cook fretwork decoration, glass arranged in neat patterns in the walls, or square block built affairs with a crenelated crest in galvanized iron, illustrate this tendency.

In the Wilds

If the quiet Quebec countryside casts a spell on the restless spirit, the forest has an even greater influence, as any who have camped in the northern section of The Seigniory Club property or in like Laurentian lakelands can testify. The woods are alive with the half-heard voices of birds, there are countless signs of game and wild life, there is a curious feeling of a friendly presence in the solitude.

At the Seigniory Club preparations have long been made for one of the most active summers in its history. Members are arriving with summer's coming in either to take up residence in their own private log cabins or at the Log Chateau, the Club's residence.

For the golf-minded there is the famous eighteen hole course, cut out of virgin forest and developed into one of the finest links in Eastern Canada. The Invitation tournaments and friendly matches held throughout the season attract players of note from both Canada and the United States. The 10th Annual Women's Invitation tournament is scheduled for Labor Day week-end, August 29-30; and the Men's 10th Annual Meet will follow on September 13-14.

The Tournaments

Each year the Seigniory courts are the scene of friendly inter-city tournaments to open the tennis season. Clubs from Montreal and Ottawa met here in mid-June for their annual matches. A members' and guests' tournament which was held July 12-13, was a prelude to the important 12th annual International Tennis Tournament, August 22-24, when United States experts meet Canadian netmen on the Seigniory courts. Of particular interest to tennis devotees is the arrival at the Seigniory Club of Dorothy Round Little, world famous player, who will be tennis coach here throughout the summer season.

Members of yacht clubs along the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers and the Great Lakes flocked here to take part in the annual Cruiser races at the Seigniory Club July 5-6. Boat owners from below the border came over the long July fourth week-end to cruise and many will come to the Club's snug harbor on the Ottawa for the summer regattas and their trim cruisers and their smartly clad crews create a gay scene.

For those Club members whose homes are situated on Lake Commandant, fifteen miles north of the Log Chateau in the heart of the fishing, hunting and camping territory, a regatta is planned for August 17 on the lake.

For the Indolent

Competitive sports play an active part on the Seigniory program but there are activities too for those who take life easily during the summer months. The great glass enclosed pool, wide doors opened to the sun and surrounded with rolling lawns for sun bathing, attracts young and old alike. There will be an exhibition of swimming and diving by expert performers on August 10 and, here, on July 27 the Juniors will hold their swimming meet following their own regatta on July 26. Another junior event was run off over July 20 when the younger members and guests took part in their annual sports gymkhana. A junior costume party is planned for August 15 at the Sports Club House on the golf course.

Venetian Night has become a tradition at the Seigniory Club and this year will take the form of a summer carnival held out of doors on the evening of August 2. Gaily decorated booths will line the terrace outside the Log Chateau dining room and probably a Little Theatre attraction of some kind will be presented. Another colorful evening spectacle in which members and guests will take part will be the Costume Ball scheduled for August 9.

A view of nine mile Lake Commandant, largest of the fifty lakes on the estate of the Seignory Club in the Province of Quebec. On this lake, which is situated in the heart of the fishing country, a regatta has been planned for August 17. It is 15 miles north of the Log Chateau.

Royal Muskoka

A place where right-minded people live together simply, but in comfort, exposed to the lavish gifts of nature and man; free to be informal as the very air, but sure that *the spirit of the place will eliminate the wrong people.* Rates from $33 per week.

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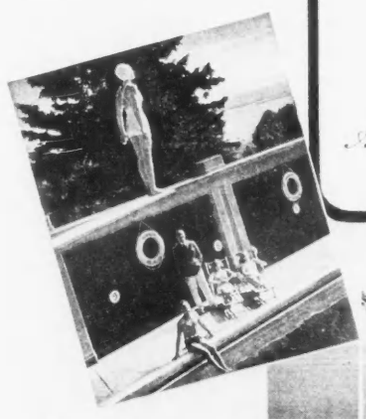

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About Tradition and Modern Education

BY L. A. MACKAY

EDUCATIONAL conservatives educate for the past, for conditions that did exist, but do not now exist. Reformers claim to educate for the future, that is, for conditions that do not yet exist, and perhaps never will exist. There is much to be said, on the plea of experience, or of hope, for each of these, but between the two of them, education for the present sometimes gets but scanty attention. Education at the public expense should be education in the public interest. What is the public interest, and what can the teaching profession do to secure it?

Everyone knows that the teacher must be more than a mere reciter of text-books and corrector of exercises. But he must also be more than a mere expert imparting a special skill to his pupils. He must be nothing less than the guardian of tradition, of continuity, of civilization itself. The whole general tendency of modern thought has been almost unanimous in attacking reverence for tradition. England, the one great nation of which this has been least true, is the one great nation on whose energy and endurance the hope of civilization now rests. Her most active supporters in her chief ally, the United States, are those who are most intelligently conscious of the dignity and continuity of the democratic tradition. Indeed, if you mock tradition out of court, what alternative have you except a perpetual state of opportunistic revolution? Mankind is not yet so angelic that it can dispense with the steadying influence of "the custom of our ancestors." But tradition can be more than a merely steadying influence; it can and should be an inspiring and stimulating influence as well. Those who turn tradition into a strait-jacket are not respecting tradition, they are killing it.

Tradition and Science

The discrediting of tradition came partly, as it had often come before, from the insolence of relative prosperity; partly it was the outgrowth, sometimes deliberate, sometimes accidental, of the tremendous advance of Science. The early gods of Greek mythology swallowed their children; Science, the child of Greek culture, has inverted this practice, and swallowed her mother. And unhappily much of the evil has arisen not from anything vicious in the fair child Science herself, but from the unforeseen consequence of her virtues. For an essential condition of science is intellectual freedom, and the ultimate destination of intellectual freedom strictly conceived is philosophic anarchy, a creed that might be practical for a generation of angels, but not for tribes of imperfectly evolved animals. Individual scientists have often been politically among the most conservative, even reactionary of men, but the general attitude of science, in understandable reaction against the hampering effect of obsolete conceptions in its own field, has been to scorn and discard the past because it is past, to regard all antiquity as antiquated, all our predecessors as superseded.

The thing that distinguishes our secular civilization at its best from all other great civilizations—those of Egypt, for example, of India, of China, of pre-Columbian America—is the value we set on political liberty and the critical reason. Many good men have taken these things too much for granted. They have not realized how unique and how precarious is the possession of these summits of the human spirit. They have too readily forgotten that there have been and might be again grandiose and powerful cultures that disregarded or denied both. These have been by no means universally accepted and obvious axioms. They are the supreme, hard-won, and unique inventions of the Greek genius, strengthened and developed by the best thought of Western Europe; and where that tradition is broken or rejected, they have not maintained their place.

Society Needs Tradition

It may still reasonably be asked, however, whether we need to keep going over the details of this tradition in our schools. One may live in a house without perpetually rebuilding the foundations; the motorist is not expected to have a first-hand knowledge of the mine from which was dug the metal that makes his car. This would be a valid argument if human society were like a building or a car. The bricks that make up a building, the parts that go into a car, have a lifetime roughly equal to that of the car or the building; they are deliberately made with a single eye to their function in the car or the building; they do not have to be replaced, every single one of them, in a time ridiculously short compared to the life of the whole—even though a motorist may at times think so—and they do not have to learn separately, slowly, and painfully, how to play their part in the whole. Human society is not a manufactured article, in the sense that a car or a building is. But neither may we go to the other extreme of metaphor and call it an organism.

Society is not an organism, it is an organization. This is no mere quibble of words, but a very serious question of meaning. To speak of Society, and still more, to speak of the State, as an organism, is to substitute for the obstinate laws of reality the charming anarchy of fanciful metaphor. Metaphor is indispensable in poetry, and valuable in rhetoric. In sober discussion, unless it is clearly recognized as metaphor, it can be disastrously misleading. If the chemist says that sulphuric acid leaps like a lion on metals and devours them, we may applaud the vivacity of the image; but if he were seduced by this image into attempting to handle sulphuric acid in the same way as a lion-tamer handles lions, we should think him mad.

Man Is Not a Cell

When we speak of society as an organism, we mean simply that the relations between men in society are more complex and close than the relations between, for example, the grains of sand in a sand-heap. We mean that they are more comparable to the relations between the cells that make up a living plant or animal. The mistake comes if we go on to assume that they are *the same as* the relations between these cells. That is obviously untrue. One of the most important differences is that the individual can to a certain extent *at his own volition* alter the part he plays in society, can, at his own risk, even leave one society and join himself to another. The cells of the highly organized animals or plants that are envisaged in this metaphor cannot do these things of their own volition. Nor have we any reason, apart from infatuation with the metaphor, to suppose that society would be better off if the individual had as little freedom as these cells. Society is in fact an aggregate *of a different kind* from the aggregate that forms the animal body. We might as well say that the tiger would be a better tiger, or the horse a better horse, if the cells composing him were organized as are the crystals in a rock of granite.

A state is a group of individuals existing together partly by accident, partly by consent, in an accepted but not unalterable framework of relations. Our political thinking is basically vitiated if we assume over against the individual a distinct Super-Individual called the State, or Society, with all human parts and passions infinitely magnified, like the gods of Greek mythology. Such thinking can only land us in the maw of Leviathan. Apart from the individuals that compose it, the state has no existence; its continuity lies in their succession, in their thinking, in their memories. Society does not think, the individual thinks; Society does not remember, the individual remembers; Society does not learn, the individual learns. If society were an organism, or if it were a machine, it would suffice that a small élite thought, learned, and remembered; but in the world we live in, everyone, as far as possible, must remember the important things, or society falls in ruin.

Memory Is Essential

It was no superficial judgment that defined Man as the animal with the longest memory. Indeed there is a sense in which, as Proust somewhat tortuously saw, memory is the fundamental secret of existence in time; it is the aspect of our being wherein we most closely approach the timelessness of eternity, it is the link which holds time together for our conscious experience. More than that; the memory which is partly conscious in man seems to be in a sense the whole cement of all temporal existence. Why does the acorn become an oak, not an ash, or an elm, or an elephant, why do all the seed of things reproduce their kind, if not through something which can only be called a form of memory? The oak certainly is not in the acorn; but the memory of an oak is. Why indeed do the various minerals even follow regular patterns of crystallization, if not through a still cruder form of what seems to be still recognizably memory?

The great strength of democracy lies in its power of enthusiastic and spontaneous cooperation. We were in danger of frittering this away into a waste of unnaturally individualistic competition. We forgot that man is a gregarious animal. In place of the recent habit of mind in which men have been collectively urged to look out each for himself, we must renew in each man's mind the con-

(*Continued on page* 15)

"I'm sorry, I didn't catch that."

"You would, if it had been a Sweet Cap."

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DAMAGE ACTIONS

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ENGINEERING

Sociability In Art

BY SIR WYLY GRIER

A CONFERENCE of artists which recently took place at Kingston, and which circumstances denied me the pleasure of attending, has been recorded in the press. One caption was "Sees Canada judged by progress in the Arts." While I think it possible that the combined work of the architects, the musicians and, conceivably, the authors might, in a remote future, justify this prophecy, I regret that I do not feel sanguine about a weighty contribution to this result from the painters. Moreover the main suggestion emerging from the Kingston conclave as a means to bring about the highest quality in pictorial output was, I think, quite unsound.

The reporter states that Principal Wallace of Kingston University took part in the discussion, uttered the prophecy above. Lively discussion followed an address by Prof. Walter Abell on "Art and Democracy." This was followed by observations by Mr. Arthur Lismer, who was applauded when he said that to solve the problem (disunion among painters) artists must put less stress on their individual ideas of art and work together. "The artist must . . . take responsibility for helping build his country." Mr. Martin Baldwin, Curator of the Art Gallery of Toronto, followed, and is quoted as saying, "Let it be organization to unite, not segregate."

The authors of these last two sentiments I count amongst my friends (to date), and I hope that my declaration of views on art and sociability, radically differing from their own, will not affect our personal relationships.

Let us look at these dicta from the standpoint of history. Holbein came to England about 1526; and (solo) planted the roots of a sound and rational type of portrait painting in the country of his adoption which later gained, and has since maintained, its ascendancy in that art. In the same century, in Italy, Michelangelo, Raphael and Leonardo Da Vinci were contemporaries, fairly generous rivals; and the weakest of them—Raphael—alone is reproached for following, somewhat, the tradition of Perugino, his master, and for being "influenced" by Michelangelo. Reynolds, Romney and Gainsborough flourished contemporaneously in England—at arm's length: Reynolds, the intellectual, referred to Romney as "the man in Cavendish Square"; and Gainsborough, devoting his leisure to music, did not seek to share his passion with the deaf Sir Joshua. Their styles are perhaps the more distinguishable because they did not fraternize. In landscape Richard Wilson, Turner, Constable and Cotman followed and overlapped each other. They were giants in their several ways, were not members of any group or coterie, and the reputation of each remains untarnished.

As instances of the regrettable results of that gregariousness which produces a "school" (and I have some personal knowledge of at least two of them), the Glasgow "school"—whose members happily retained their individual opinions, and which had no influence on contemporary art—died an early death, and the Newlyn "school" (which we, at St. Ives, Cornwall, wept to see arising in dangerous proximity to ourselves) grew on the stem of that charming personality, Stanhope Forbes, and imitated his every dexterous brush stroke, including that fatal side-swipe which rendered the outline of the figures (and all other objects in the picture) atmospherically soft, and earned for the faithful disciples the title of the "wet cat school"—which killed it.

Do the other arts gain anything beyond friendly intercourse (if that) by hobnobbing with their fellow craftsmen? Did Dante originate or modify his *Inferno* as a result of chatting with fellow members of a downtown club? Had Shakespeare a tavern to which he withdrew to talk over his plays with lesser men? Did not Milton, blind and solitary, dictate his *Paradise Lost* to his long-suffering daughters? Goldsmith, twitted and satirized by that fascinating old bully, Dr. Johnson, hauled himself off into seclusion, wrote a felicitous novel, impossible of achievement by his ponderous critic, and penned, amongst his varied triumphs, a lyrical work of lasting value which he, in pathetically modest terms, dedicated to his courteous and sympathetic friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. The "applauded" thought that painting of significant worth can be the result of the aggregate intelligence of a committee, reveals with almost tragic clearness the light estimate placed by the public on the creations of the painter, and an equally sad acceptance, by the artists, of a position analogous to that of the painters of the Middle Ages, who earned a pittance, and fed with the menials of the baron's household.

Tradition and Modern Education

(*Continued from page* 14)

scious tradition that man is naturally a social being, with a long and complex history of social development. If we really understand this, we shall see through the fallacy that gives a completely unnatural basis to many modern rules of practical conduct. The idea that a man's actions are entirely his own business, that he has a right to shape his behaviour as if he, or he and his immediate associates, lived completely isolated in a self-centred moral vacuum, is a fantastically arbitrary assumption, totally out of touch with the realities of human nature. Our cooperative and self-sacrificing instincts are just as natural as our selfish ones; they may be more creditable to us, but that does not make them less natural. Our habits of thought are not of today or yesterday; the present world cannot be understood, and therefore cannot be effectively manipulated, without an adequate knowledge of the past. And in this past, the most important thing is not, as the Nazis would maintain, the semi-conscious behaviour of some barbarous forebears, but the best thinking we have inherited from all antiquity.

In our next issue Professor MacKay, who has now left Toronto to take up his new duties as head of the Classics Department of the University of British Columbia, will discuss the application of these principles to current educational methods.

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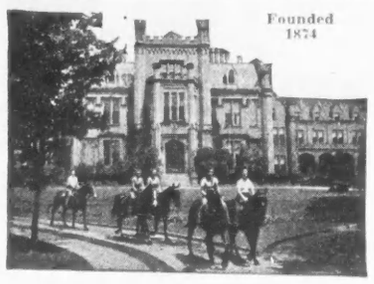

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THE BOOKSHELF

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Great Revelation of Spirit

ERIC GILL, AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Nelson. $4.00.

WHEN a great artist, who is also a mystic and an original and powerful thinker, undertakes to write the story of his inner life, the result may be a very great book. I am not prepared to say that Eric Gill's *Autobiography* is a great book; I should need time to read and re-read and think about it before I could commit myself to any such statement, and the task of book reviewing allows of only one reading and no more than a week's thought. But judging from my one reading and my few days of consideration I think this book the most complete story of spiritual growth and re-birth that has been written since Newman's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. I am in doubt as to whether this is a great book or not; I am in no doubt whatever that it is a book by a great man.

Gill's revelation of himself must be considered primarily as a religious book. The son of a Nonconformist parson, Eric Gill grew up in a household which was steeped in religion of a kind. When he became a man, Gill rebelled against the beliefs of his childhood and, like most young men of sense and sensibility, he was tormented by all sorts of vague doubts and fears, but most of all by a sense of incompleteness. And so, to use his own striking phrase, he 'invented the Catholic Church'. That is to say, he arrived independently at certain basic conclusions about the nature of man and of God which have been Catholic doctrine for hundreds of years. In spite of his inability to swallow Catholicism whole he was received into the Church, and there he found a deep and lasting happiness. The last chapter of the book, written not long before his death in November, 1940, is so serene, confident and noble as to make the blackest of black Protestants envy him.

But Gill was not a saint in a stained glass window; he was a man, and a man with a most extraordinary collection of perverse and irritating notions. A bitter critic of our modern capitalistic system, he wanted a world in which men might be their own masters, and where each might follow his own bent; he wanted a society of happy workers, where none were rich and none were poor. Himself a man of great abilities, he could not see that such a world would be purgatorial for the millions who do not want the responsibility of being their own masters, have no bent for anything at all, and would rather die than attempt to lead spiritual lives. A happy man, he could not see that the acquirement of wealth is often a desperate bid for happiness made by those who have no natural ability or talent for happiness. Gill knew more about himself than most of us, but he knew less about mankind than is usual in artists of his greatness. He was childlike in the beauty of his life and belief, and he was also childlike in his inability to see life as it is, insofar as a man may do. He seems to have been almost entirely without humor.

Gill's literary style might have been founded on that of his friend, G. K. Chesterton; he has the same fondness for paradox, for analogy, and for colloquialism, not always happily used. But he writes with a high heart and with a clear head, for he always knew what he thought, even when his ideas were fantastic, and the book reads brilliantly. This is a book to read many times during a lifetime, and I venture to say that, for Catholics and Protestants alike, it will yield new secrets and new refreshment of spirit at each reading.

The Buried Majesty of England

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

KING GEORGE V; A PERSONAL MEMOIR by John Gore. Mussons. $4.50.

TIME travels so fast that it is difficult to realize that more than five years have passed since King George V died. It was his fate to reign during the most momentous and tragic period the modern world has known, unfortunately a prelude of worse to come. Admittedly at the outset he was regarded as a colorless personality of no very great capacity; but he steadily grew in intellectual stature and public esteem until at the time of his Jubilee, he was recognized as one of the most efficient monarchs that had worn the Crown; certainly the best of England's Georges, up to that time.

He was endowed from birth with the greatest gift that any man, whatever his rank, can possess sound and irreproachable personal character, backed by a sensible, tolerant, enquiring mind. His virtues lay more or less quiescent, or at least untried, until he was 45. Once he became King each new crisis was met with an ever expanding wisdom. It is the chief merit of Mr. Gore's book that it presents a convincing picture of these processes of growth. He refrains from flattery and speaks with candor, and the book is in every sense a "personal memoir." It is necessarily a chronicle also, but though political events enter into it, it is meticulous in impartiality.

Mr. Gore states that his task was undertaken at the request of Their Majesties, King George VI and Queen Mary; and that, so far as they could, they assisted him. He also acknowledges aid from others, notably the Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. Consequently no controversy is likely to arise as to the authenticity of his statements.

That the King's intellectual development was greatly stimulated by the abilities of Queen Mary is beyond question. Candor, surprising in a volume of this character, marks the concluding paragraphs of the chapter "First Years of Marriage," the period during which the young couple as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York lived at York Cottage on the Sandringham estate. The young husband after years at sea found life as a country squire, with a bride he loved and charming babies, idyllic. But the future Queen Mary did not. Her partial unhappiness was due to a lack of sympathy between herself and the Prince of Wales, and her sister-in-law Princess Victoria. She found the self-sufficiency of the Sandringham household oppressive. It was, as Mr. Gore puts it, "a mutual admiration society" in which the lack of intellectual and artistic interests distressed her. Mr. Gore makes it clear that Princess May, as she had once been known, set herself deliberately to work to enlarge her husband's intellectual outlook, improve his reading, and bring him to a realization of the problems that awaited him as a future king. The implication is clear that Queen Mary foresaw the rise of democracy when other members of the Royal family did not. If Mr. Gore were able to speak in a forthright fashion he would undoubtedly declare that George became a great King, because he had had the good fortune to take unto himself a great and far-seeing Queen.

A word must be said as to the capital illustrations with which the volume abounds, and the excellence of the indexing and documentation.

Speeches from Beyond

BY JACK ANDERS

THE AMERICAN SPEECHES OF LORD LOTHIAN. Oxford University Press. $2.00.

THE preface of this collection speaks of Lord Lothian's "conspicuous success" as Ambassador to the United States. It also says "By temperament he was an *anima naturaliter democratica*." The preface is written by Halifax (Lord).

Then follows a memoir, "Philip Kerr, Marquess of Lothian." Its language is dainty and flowery. Sometimes one feels that it could be surpassed only by a Japanese spring on inexpensive wall-paper. Speaking of language there is this sentence in the memoir: "His French was frankly as bad as it could be; he had no German; but he caught the idiom of other peoples' thought and feeling despite his ignorance of the tongues they spoke." Either Lord Lothian was a marvel, or I don't know what idiom means, or the sentence is nonsense. The memoir ends: "He served both countries nobly, and he will not be forgotten either west of the Atlantic or east when historians compile the chronicle of these tempestuous years." The memoir is written by Edward Grigg (Sir).

After these English eulogies, and as this is a collection of speeches made in America, it is only fair to inquire what outstanding Americans thought of Lord Lothian. One such American entered in his diary: "He seemed to be more a Fascist than any other Englishman I have met. Recent English criticism of Italy and especially Germany with reference to their barbarism in Spain bothered him." The diary is that of the American Ambassador to Berlin, the late William E. Dodd (Mr.).

If we now leave the judgments of overzealous friends and of observers who did not know his later development, and turn to the speeches we see there Lord Lothian himself as he was during his American period a good Englishman, a good European, a citizen of the world. Written speeches usually are not readable, unless they be Ciceronian; they rouse no one and stir nothing but memories. Lord Lothian's speeches escape that fate, not because they are Ciceronian but because they are not speeches. They are lectures. They are the lectures of an unusually keen mind and of one who had an enormous knowledge of history although he sometimes sadly missed the meaning of history. They are the products of hard work and they are beautifully constructed. Many of them are still fresh in our memories but to re-read them provides a rare intellectual satisfaction.

Background of Norway's Struggle

BY TAOS

MISSION TO THE NORTH, with 17 illustrations, by Florence Rattray Harriman. Longmans Green. $4.50

"DAISY" HARRIMAN would never have become famous in times of peace, though as the second woman Minister to be appointed by U.S. she did a more than competent job of work in Norway. The country to which she was accredited seldom made the front pages. No American newspaper subsidized a Resident Correspondent. So in times of peace a publisher might have been no kinder to her account of three years' work in Norway than they were to her spare-time novel of which she writes with resignation.

This would have been a pity, for the idyllic life in a small democracy as seen by a sympathetic lover of the country has a nostalgic charm all its own, though immeasurably heightened by contrast with the terrible days that followed. Here Mrs. Harriman's account becomes an important document. The world knew of the adventures of the "City of Flint" from its newspapers, but here we have the full and complete account as officially despatched by the Minister to Washington. The description of the Nazi invasion, which neither Mrs. Harriman, nor, it appears, any Norwegian of importance save doubtless Quisling and his group, expected, is equally authentic. The author followed the government as far as she could, and then repaired to Sweden to care for the numerous refugees. At last she was evacuated with nearly 900 others on a troopship sailing from Petsamo. There is life and movement in these pages of Norway's death throes, and though the narrative is straightforward and the style without special graces, it is a picture not likely to be forgotten by any reader. We know a little more about what we are fighting for, and a little more about what we are fighting against, and perhaps best of all, we know something more about the background of one of our most valiant and valuable allies.

LITERARY QUIZ

FOR such of our readers as delight in politics and 'current events' we present this quiz, which has been specially designed for them by Jack Anders, our expert on these matters. No one should dare to speak about politics or the 'New Order' unless he can give the author and approximate date of at least ten of the following. Answers on Page 25.

1. An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations
2. An Essay on the Principle of Population as It Affects the Future Improvement of Society
3. The National System of Political Economy
4. La Philosophie de la Misère
5. La Misère de la Philosophie
6. Progress and Poverty
7. The History of Trade Unionism
8. The Distribution of Wealth
9. The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism
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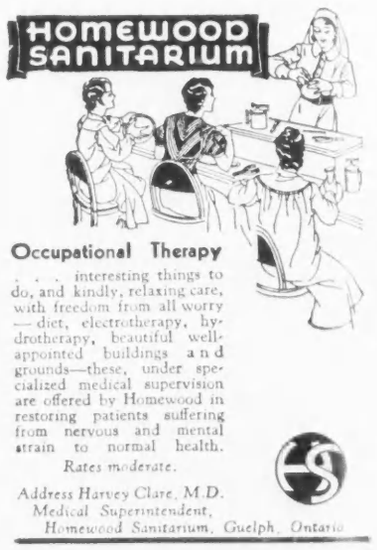

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THE BOOKSHELF

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DURHAM COMPANY, by Una Pope-Hennessy. Macmillan. $2.50.

FORCED to leave her London home by the Blitzkrieg, Dame Una Pope-Hennessy found herself living in the county of Durham where, like the sensible and widely-read woman she is, she looked about her for literary material; she found sufficient to make up this charming book of six longish essays. People who are interested in the literary history of the nineteenth century will welcome it, for it contains a considerable amount of out-of-the-way information and is written, as are all this author's books, with deliberation, style and occasional touches of humor.

To my mind, the best essay in the book is the first, which deals with Lord Byron's courtship and marriage with that unoffending, but priggish and stupid girl, Annabella Milbanke. The ill-starred match was made and the ceremony performed (with maimed rites) at Seaham House, residence of the bride's parents. Dame Una has communicated the atmosphere of this grisly business with masterly brevity and with some fine flashes of intuition. What a daemonic bridegroom, and what a pitiful, inept, forlorn, pedantic bride! Poor Miss Milbanke, with her cold-hearted attachment to mathematics; what did she feel when her beloved (and the beloved of half the romantic young misses in England) started from sleep on his wedding-night and, spying the firelight through the red curtains of the hymeneal bed, cried "Good God! I am surely in Hell!" That was the unpropitious beginning of what Byron bitterly called their 'treacle-moon'.

The essay on the Wordsworths at Sockburn is dull, as essays about the Wordsworths are apt to be. Great as a lyric poet, when he was in his best vein, Wordsworth was a man of almost inspiredly dull life. But the essay on Robert Surtees of Mainsforth gives us a new valuation of that pinched little antiquary, notable chiefly for his history of the county of Durham, but endeared to many because he hoaxed Sir Walter Scott with some 'ancient' ballads of his own composition. It is really little credit to Surtees, for Scott was an honorable and unsuspecting soul, and did not expect such treatment from a friend.

The final essay tells us what little there is to be found out about Robert Smith Surtees, a Durham squire and creator of the immortal Jorrocks. Lovers of *Handley Cross* and *Plain or Ringlets?* do not usually know a great deal about the begetter of their hero. I recommend this book highly to anyone who cares about these bypaths of our literature; *Durham Company* is good company now, and will be for many years to come.

Well Aged Fruit Cake

BY MICHAEL RYAN

MR. FRANK MERRIWELL, by Gilbert Patten. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

EVERY generation has its own hero. In pre-Great War America almost every boy who could read worshipped Frank Merriwell who survived the most dangerous adventures, the most hair's-breadth escapes, and all because he remained through all his trials frank, merry and well. His creator, Gilbert Patten (Burt L. Standish), first offered him to the public in 1896 and for more than seventeen years afterwards wrote his twenty thousand word Merriwell book a week. Then Frank Merriwell almost disappeared, surviving only in the memories of harassed business men and as a slang term for a last minute score. But the indefatigable Mr. Patten lived on and now he has presented the world with Merriwell Man.

Mr. Patten is still doing business at the same old stand, still serving the same old fruit cake. "Neither brow-beating nor cheap mockery will get you very far, Judge Grimshaw," he says to one of the villains and every paragraph is packed with the old clichés, sounding a bit nostalgic but bearing up well considering their years. On the other hand the command of modern slang leaves something to be desired, though if someone wants to say the world is 'dipsy-doodle' I don't suppose there are many who are in a position to object.

For a middle-aged man Frank Merriwell is remarkably well preserved. He still "swings along" on the balls of his feet and is capable of trouncing the roughneck villains set on him. He is married to his old heroine and has two childen, a boy and a girl. Frank Jr. is a reporter who remains in Europe for most of the book thus, I suppose, avoiding competition with his father. The daughter's name is Bart, a saccharine young thing, she calls her father "Daddy Frank" and comes within an ace of being an Unmarried Mother. Frank brings to modern problems the old solution of Right is Might and manages to win over both fascist-minded capitalists and dastardly communists, at the same time organizing America against Hitler (the Black Beast).

It's nice to meet old familiar faces but I never did believe in Superman.

About Insects

INSECTS, by Harry Hoogstraal. Oxford. $2.50.

"THERE are about six hundred and twenty-five thousand different insects known today. Possibly an equal number remain unknown." Thus Mr. Hoogstraal begins his book, and it is a solemn thought, most of us know nothing about insects; it is disturbing to feel that there are a million sorts of creepy-crawlies sharing this earth with us, and of whose very existence we are unconscious.

We can lighten our darkness, to some extent, by buying and reading Mr. Hoogstraal's book, a delightful and simple task. It is beautifully illustrated with photographs by Melvin Martinson; insects, to Mr. Martinson are as interesting subjects as haughty society beauties would be to you or me. The book is not confusing or technical, and it is full of things about insects that you have never suspected. Ants are up to their old tricks again, satirizing our civilization; my favorite among Mr. Hoogstraal's insects is the Sexton Beetle, a sort of Shakespearean Clown among bugs. This is a handsome book, and I advise you to take a look at it next time you visit your bookseller.

Monumental Achievement

BY STEWART C. EASTON

CHRISTOPHER STRANGE, by Ruth Eleanor McKee. McClelland & Stewart. $3.25.

THERE is no doubt that this huge book is a monumental achievement, in that the reader's attention is held continuously for over 400,000 words. I have been a little puzzled to find the reason. The writing is adequate, but no more; the characters, at least while one is reading about them, are, with the exception of Emilia in her youth, neither exceptional in themselves, nor particularly well drawn; and the plot changes in a manner almost startling, when there are only two hundred pages still to go. The emphasis shifts at this point from the tough, graft-ridden history of San Francisco to the struggles of a family of pioneers in the desert, and Christopher, from a well-meaning idealistic reformer becomes a significant figure, a martyr with the patience and misfortunes of Job.

Throughout his life he was always a failure, yet never without happiness. I think, looking back on the book and finding it hard to forget, that the secret of Miss McKee's achievement lies in this portrait. She has created, possibly without even being aware of it, that supremely rare being, a man who is irradiated by his own inner light. And this she has done without attempting to dwell at undue length upon his spiritual attainments, but by describing in a subtle and restrained manner the relationship between his environment and himself. I can never remember this particular thing done so well anywhere else in fiction, and just for this reason I don't think she could have done it all in a book that was shorter than this. I can therefore recommend it as a rewarding experience for those who have the fortitude to undertake it.

Mrs. William Blackwood, who is well known in literary circles, is seen here at the memorial exhibition of Sir John Lavery's paintings, looking at a portrait of her grandmother, Lady Lavery.

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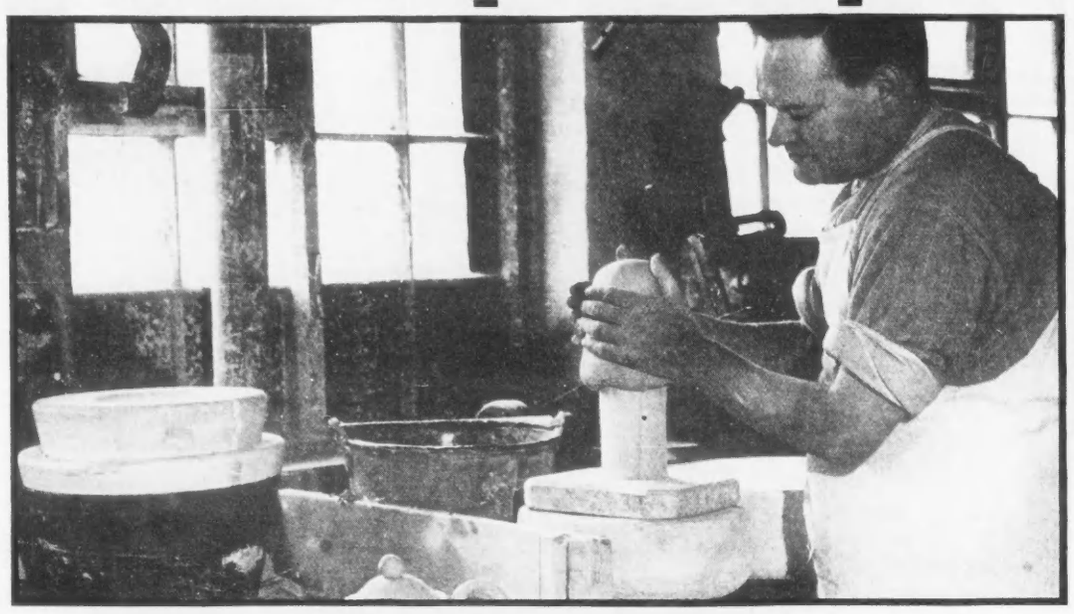
British Teapots Help to Win the War for Our Side



The first stage — doughlike clay shaped by potter's hands.

It came away in me 'and, Miss!"—but here it is fixed on.

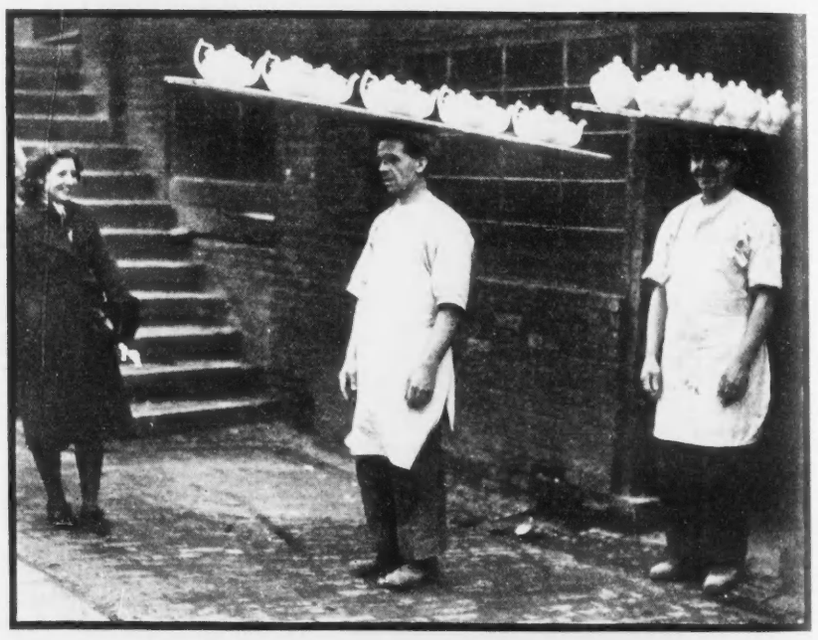
Winston Churchill "sitting pretty" among unfinished teapots.

YES, British teapots are helping to win the war. Not only by providing the means of making tea, the brew of courage and good cheer, but by earning dollars to buy war weapons in Canada.

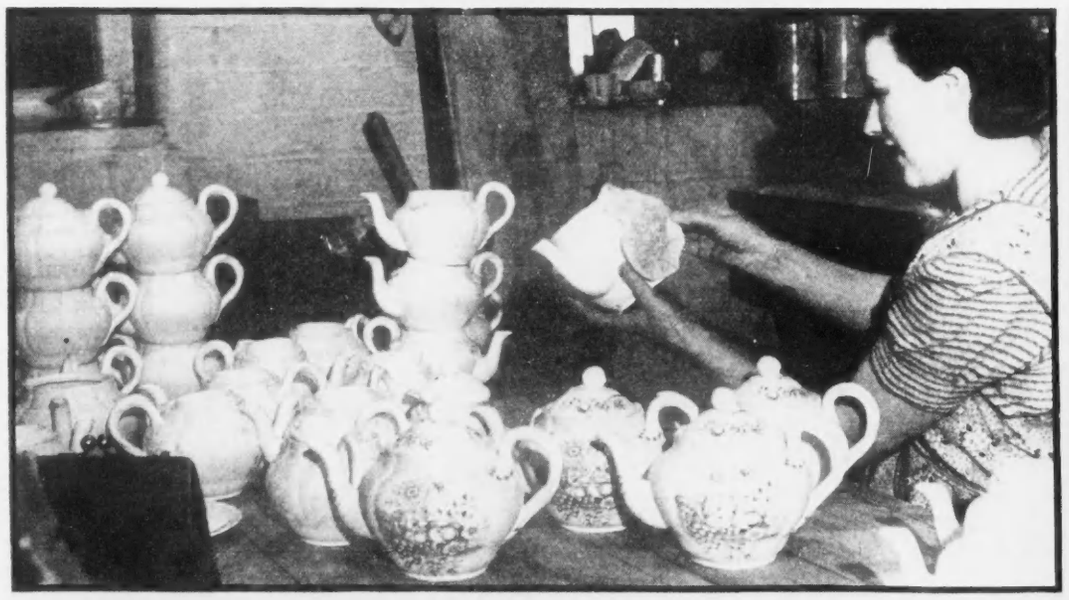
About 85 per cent of the total production of British fine china is exported, and a great deal of it comes to Canada.

"Canadian women are discriminating buyers," the managing director of a famous firm in the Potteries, that small bit of England immortalised by Arnold Bennett in his "Five Towns" stories, said recently. "Only the best is good enough for them, and they fully appreciate the quality of this fine British china, which is made throughout by hand."

And on this page is seen some of the many operations and processes through which a tea-pot passes from the time when it is a shapeless piece of clay until the day when, packed in excelsior and crated in barrels, it arrives at the dock ready for the long journey overseas.



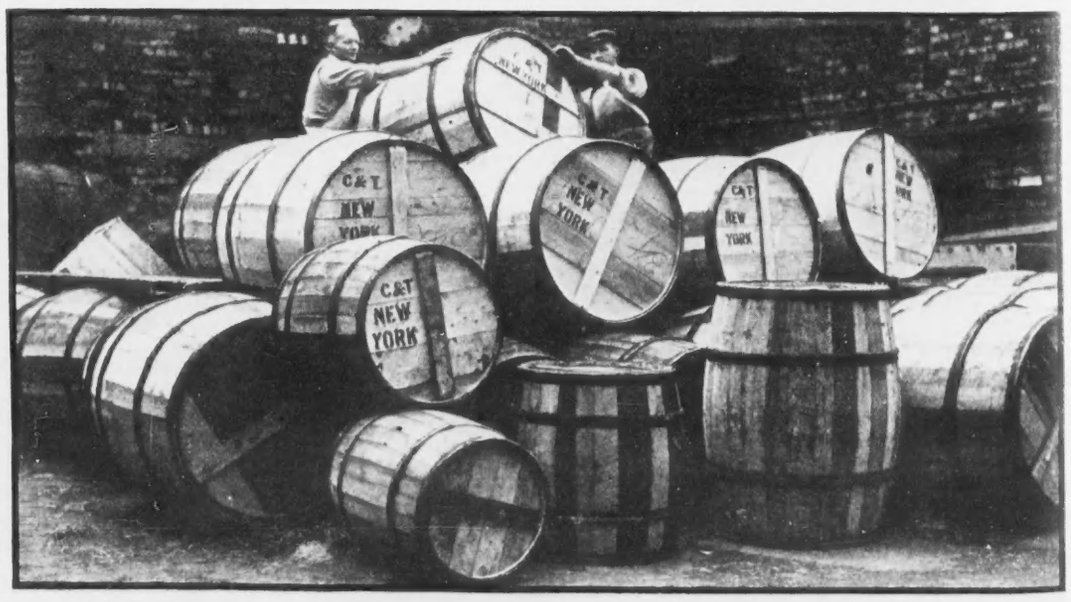
Carrying teapots from drying house to next processing room.



Patterns stamped on by hand are adapted from traditional designs over century old.

Painting the colors in by hand is one of the most highly skilled jobs in potteries.

Completed articles being packed for journey. There are practically no breakages.



"Roll out the barrel" of teapots. They come to enrich the tea-tables of the New World.

As a reminder to herself and others not to discuss military secrets she wears a colorful print design composed of the witty "Careless Talk" posters by Fougasse. From the London fashion house of Jacqmar.

WORLD OF WOMEN

We See by the Papers

BY BERNICE COFFEY

APART from being able to duplicate the eerie experience of the hero of "Berkeley Square" who managed to get himself mixed up in the life of a bygone century, we know of no better means than an old newspaper or magazine to bring past days to life in the imagination.

The other day we happened across several copies of "The Illustrated London News" circa 1858. Only slightly off their original white, and with but a few of those peculiar brown spots that long-preserved papers seem always to acquire as blocks of age, their advertisements tell a fascinating story of London life as it was almost ninety years ago.

The proprietors of the Economic Funeral Company, 29, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, "beg respectfully to intimate the so greatly complained of slovenly mode in conducting funerals may be avoided by engaging the Company, the first established for conducting funerals in 'a superior style.' The rates quoted are £1 15s. 6d. for a gentleman's carriage funeral, £6 6d. for the interment of a tradesman, while a deceased "artizan" costs but £3 18s. 6d.

Someone by the name of Jaques advertised the new out-door game, croquet, and offers to supply the equipment for "this fashionable and highly amusing game" for 25s. And Dewdney, of 172, Fenchurch-street, begs to announce that he is an Artist in Hair, and that he beautifully makes, and elegantly mounts, in gold, hair bracelets, chains, brooches, rings, pins, studs, etc.

In the column of announcements of new music, one has the interesting choice of a new Alexandre Harmonium for the drawing-room, that is if you can afford 25 guineas for one with three stops, percussion action, additional lower all in a rosewood case. And on it you can play the accompaniment to all the vocal music of "The Princess of Trebizonde," Offenbach's Newest Opera which was performed at the Gaiety Theatre.

The field of new books has possibilities, too. Joseph Mitchell has just had published his "London Improvements" "Practical Suggestions for Relieving the Over-Crowded Thoroughfares of London; securing improved Means of Locomotion; diverting the Sewage from the Thames and appropriating it to Agricultural Use; with Estimate of Cost and Probable Revenue." Perhaps it is as well that Mr. Mitchell could not see into a future when a man named Hitler took over the task of "improving" London.

Among the small oddities of the time are imitation sunset glasses which make every scene appear as if glowing in a beautiful sunset. "No tourist nor anyone in the country or near the seaside should be without them."

Having trouble with your teeth? Then why not nip down to see the dignified Mr. Harding, Dentist, in Regent's Park, who has been appointed Agent for the disposal of licences to use the Hinge Clasp for securing artificial teeth.

Advertised as the ladies' friend is Rowlands' Aqua D'Oro, in the following lush prose "This is the most fragrant and refreshing perfume ever yielded by the 'Souls of Flowers.' It retains its fresh and delightful odorousness for days. It is invigorating, gently stimulating, yet sedative; and is an unrivalled quintessential spirituous produce. For fainting fits, fatigues of dancing, oppression from over-crowded rooms, or intense summer heats, its use cannot be overestimated." And all this for a mere 3s 6d per bottle.

Wonder if present day advertisements will be as interesting ninety years hence.

A Soupcon for Soup

BY PHOEBE BOULESTIN

SOMETIMES I think that we Canadians do not deserve our good luck; we make so little of it. Here we are, living in a country which is better supplied with foodstuffs than any other in the world except the United States, and yet most of us continue to serve dreary, unimaginative dishes which have neither the simple honesty of England's cooking, nor the rather child-like charm and succulence which marks the food of our American neighbors. And as for artistry in cooking—well, no one would ever guess that a considerable part of our population was French. The meals which appear on the average Canadian table may be described as "a rude plenty" and that is all. We eat as we think, heavily, joylessly and sentimentally.

The point which I want to make at present is that our food, though wholesome, is undistinguished. It lacks *verve*, dash, piquance, or whatever you like to call it. It is mere fuel for the human machine. That is no way for food to be. It should be poetic, provocative of good conversation, witty and sometimes—like the best conversation—slightly indecent. And it should be in good taste, by which I mean that it should be satisfying without being an incitement to gorge, which is the fault of so many of our sweet but unsatisfying dishes. The ideal diner, like a lover, seeks a mystical satisfaction which cannot be found in over-indulgence.

How is this happy state to be brought about? How are we to impart this distinction to food? By texture of course, but chiefly by flavor, and it is of flavor that I want to speak now. After the five or six stock sauces which should be found in every kitchen, wine is the best flavorer of food. Now don't tell me that wine cooking is not for you! How do you know? Have you ever tried it?

Wine cooking is not expensive, for our native Canadian wines are perfectly suited to all except a very few very special dishes. The staple cooking wine is sherry. Buy the cheaper quality, which is thin, for it will mix better with your dishes than a more costly wine with more body to it. A dash of sherry makes all the difference to soups. Tinned soups are a blessing to the harassed cook, but even the best of them can be improved. If, when your soup is almost ready to serve, you will add a couple of tablespoons of sherry to it, you will transform it entirely, and, instead of damping the appetite (a fault of soups) it will sharpen it. Sherry is good in thin or thick soups, and particularly in consomme, beef and vegetable broth, turtle soup and cream of mushroom. The only soup in which sherry is *not* a help is corn soup, or fish soups.

Enlivener

Do not be afraid of the sherry. Even if you are timid about "alcohol" (horrid word) it can do you no harm and is *not* intoxicating. Children may eat soups so treated without any harmful effect, except that they may find them a little rich. But it must be emphasized that the tastes of children are not suitable as a criterion of what is good food.

Sherry is also an enlivener of gravies, and particularly beef gravy. It takes away the heavy and cloying taste which sometimes spoils this natural meat dressing. But sherry is invaluable in made-up meat dishes, and particularly in stews. Next time you are making a stew, and have put all the usual things in it, throw in also a half-dozen prunes, a dozen walnuts, and a generous wineglass of sherry, about five minutes before the stew is done. The different and exciting flavor of the stew will surprise you. Served thus, it becomes something more than a washday makeshift.

So far I have spoken only of sherry, but the cheap red wine sold in Canada is useful also. When you make a salad, try it instead of vinegar, or, better still, dash a wineglass of red wine (the claret type) over your salad before serving. Red wine may also be used in your fish sauces, and is particularly good with salmon. One word of warning: do not keep your cooking wines on ice; they are best preserved at room temperature.

There are innumerable sweets which can be made with wines, from the favorite English "trifle," for which you will need a sherry of rather better quality (there are some good Canadian sherries) to more elaborate wine jellies which are easier to make than you think. Any good cook-book will give you a recipe, and if it does not, simply mix a table spoon of red wine with every package of jelly powder you use, and make in the usual way.

This is not meant to be a complete treatment of the subject of wine in cooking. That would require a large volume and a more poetic pen than mine. No, I am merely trying to interest you in the subject, in the hope that by doing so our Canadian cooking will be raised from the level of a worthy household chore (like making beds) to the rank of a great art, which it is.

The gleam of white satin and the cobwebby magic of beige lace are combined here in an exquisite nightgown. A godet insert of the lace continues as a border for the skirt which has a brief train at the back.

Jaeger of London makes these smartly tailored slacks of camel hair and wool, with a jacket to match.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.

ADA MACKENZIE
BUNDLES FROM BRITAIN
PURE CASHMERE TWIN SETS
and
INDIVIDUAL CASHMERE SWEATERS
TWEEDS FOR EVERY OCCASION THAT WILL LAST AND LOOK WELL FOR YEARS TO COME
ENGLISH FELT HATS AND GOLF SHOES ALL FROM THE BRITISH ISLES
SCOTCH TWEEDS
BRAEMAR SHETLAND SWEATERS
ADA MACKENZIE
Uptown Shop 26 Bloor St. W. ★ Downtown Shop 1 Adelaide St. W.
TORONTO
Summer Shop: PORT CARLING, MUSKOKA

Oriental Cream
GOURAUD
The Cream to protect the skin before the long, hard game. No worry about sunburn or shiny skin.

SEA-SICK?
MAY BE PREVENTED AND RELIEVED WITH THE AID OF
Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

CONCERNING FOOD

Sandwiches Al Fresco

BY JANET MARCH

EITHER you like them or you don't. If you don't it's your bad luck, because a little matter of dislike won't give you immunity. Oh no! You'll be along picking the messy pieces of tomato off the more prominent parts of your summer clothes, flapping away the mosquitoes, drinking the slightly smoked tea, and singing lustily, probably the perennial "There's a Long Long Trail" as you paddle the very many miles home.

By the way, did you ever get as a paddling companion a person who liked to paddle on the opposite side to your favorite position, so that you didn't have to be falsely polite in spite of an aching wrist? Yes, you've guessed quite right, it's picnics we are on this week.

You may approach your picnic in a gleaming mahogany speed boat, no doubt reducing your customary speed in honor of Mr. Cottrelle's feelings about gasoline, but still arriving fresh as a lily, and with the food coolly packed in the icebox under the seat. If so in line with the rest of your equipment you'll probably rejoice in those large thermos flasks which will keep anything from ice water to Irish stew at the required temperature. No need then to boil a kettle over a fire which maddeningly blows all away from the bottom of the pot, or flames up and burns through the stick the handle is hung on. Still there's something about a fire at a picnic, even if you only use it for marshmallows and to burn the rubbish. The least sentimental of us, given a good fire on a rocky point, with a lake lapping below and some whispering pines up behind, can look in its flames and see our pioneer ancestors breaking the trail as they push Westwards, with maybe a couple of wolves howling across the lake. Well break it up now. There's the eleven o'clock Trans-Canada plane going over. Times change.

The Dependable Sandwich

Whatever else you take to eat at a picnic, whether it's a Ritz Carlton or a tourist camp affair, there have to be sandwiches. Don't be foolhardy and set out without them, for maybe the fire won't burn, or it will pour with rain, or—well, anything can happen on a picnic. With the dependable sandwich aboard you can have nourishment, even lying under the canoe in a thunderstorm, or sitting out broiling to death in the middle of the lake where the motor boat engine has inconveniently given up the ghost.

Sandwiches made with the ordinary thickness of sliced bread which nearly everyone seems to buy these days are horrible. Possibly they are useful to mothers who are trying vainly to fill up their small boys' interiors after swimming, but most adults get through the first one with flying colors, and start in on the second only to get a feeling of being completely sunk in a sea of white flour. This feeling is bad for the waistline and the temper. My idea of a sandwich is to have the bread thick enough for the filling not to break through, not even tomatoes, but absolutely not the smallest fraction of an inch thicker. You can get thin sliced bread, and if you are making a lot of sandwiches there's no doubt but that it saves an awful lot of time.

No housekeeper whose family are picnic fans will face a summer without adding some special sorts of sandwich fillings to her shelves. One of the best and quickest to use is Bovril, which no doubt is already on nearly everyone's shelf for its well-known qualities as a flavorer. Not everyone knows that lurking in that same bottle, whose contents have saved many a gravy and stew from tasteless disgrace, is the makings of a good sandwich. You can slap it on plain between buttered bread or if you prefer you can make a butter with it by first creaming some ordinary butter until it is nice and soft and then adding Bovril to taste. This Bovril butter is a good substitute for ordinary butter when you are making meat sandwiches. Use it on one side of the sandwich or on both if you prefer. Another thing to do with Bovril is to rub hard boiled egg through a sieve into Bovril butter. This makes a little thicker filling than plain Bovril.

To get back to the pantry shelf, take, too, a couple of tins of those quite cheap imitation fois gras. If you drop in a little Worcester sauce it improves the taste. Norwegian sardines have gone, of course, but there are some good Canadian brands on the market this year. The fish are larger, but the flavor is all right, and the opening keys seem mercifully more dependable. Have you ever tried to open cans of sardines with a stone? All that ever comes out is a trickle of oil. The English have miraculously managed to keep up the supply of potted meat which seems to be a thing no other nation can provide as well. Bloater paste is very reminiscent of seaside lodgings where the landlady gives you your meals in the sitting room which is filled chockfull with antimacassars and large photographs of bearded relatives. Still, it has a good distinctive taste which is what a sandwich needs. Of course you will have peanut butter. No one can overlook it in these vitamin-conscious days, for it seems to shelter in its economical brown depths the elusive vitamins which give you pep. Add little pieces of well crisped bacon for a change.

If you are really going into the question of making de luxe sandwiches you had better get yourself a mortar and pestle unless you already have that tedious-to-use but good-on-results piece of kitchen equipment. I have heard that some very fine sandwich makers like to use a palette knife or—even if you aren't an artist—a putty knife, if you own a good springy one.

Anchovy Butter

6 fillets of anchovy
2 tablespoons minced parsley leaves
¼ pound of butter
A little spinach juice

Pound the anchovies in the mortar until they are in a fine paste and then add the parsley and the well-creamed butter, and last the spinach juice which turns the whole mixture a nice shade of green. This with lettuce in a sandwich is very good. Of course lettuce is always an addition unless it's going to be a very long time before the sandwiches are eaten, in which case the lettuce will be more of a liability than an asset, unless you have a portable ice box. Use small crisp pieces, not large toughish leaves which pull out and leave the guests looking like embarrassed rabbits.

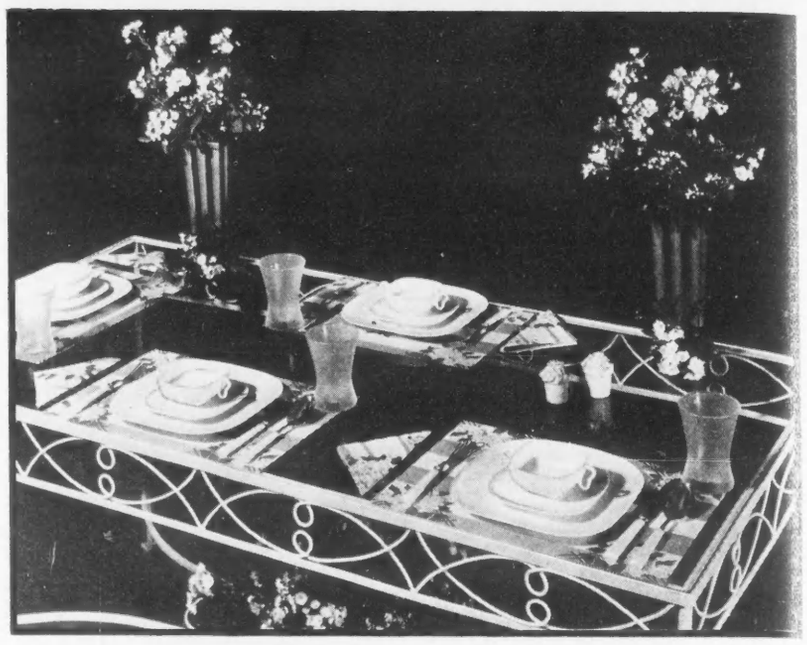
Crab Butter

Either crab or lobster, mashed up in the proportions of one part shell fish to four parts of butter and then spread on bread which has mayonnaise on it, make good sandwiches.

Finnan Haddie

Mix this butter in the proportion of one part of fish to two parts of butter and add a generous amount of paprika.

There is no end to the sandwiches which you can have to start a meal off with, but a sweet sandwich is a different matter. No one really feels very enthusiastic about a plain jam or jelly filling. If you spread first with cream cheese and then put on a layer of red currant jelly you will have something good with which to finish up. Marmalade that is really made from bitter oranges is all right, too, but it has a tendency to leak through in an annoying way. Perhaps it is really safer to stick to the sour sandwiches and take along some good chewy caramels for the people with sweet tooths. Keep them quiet too!



Design for dining out-of-doors with a minimum of wear and tear. Spirited paper napkins and place mats, which have taken on a good deal of the prestige of informal linens, are used with frosty white glasses and snow white Franciscan pottery on a glass-topped wrought iron table.

Now that clothes rationing has gone into effect in Britain price cards have been replaced by others that tell how many coupons the shopper must part with if she wishes to buy. The scene here is at Selfridge's.

TAKE A VACATION FROM COOKING—
AND SERVE THESE TASTY MEALS!

PLENTY TO EAT WITHOUT MEAT
Heinz Cream of Pea Soup
Crackers (buttered and toasted)
Snappy Cheese and Heinz Ketchup
Grilled on Muffin Halves
Cabbage, Apple and Nut Salad
Spiced Cake with Prepared
Chocolate Sauce Iced Tea

SUNDAY NIGHT COMPANY MEAL
Heinz Consomme (chilled)
Ham, Bacon and Macaroni Grills*
Sliced Tomato Salad Platter
Heated Whole Wheat Muffins
Coffee Iced Tea
*Top thin slices of ham with Heinz Cooked Macaroni. Fold ham over and secure with toothpicks. Top with slice of bacon, then grill.

QUICK SUMMER MEALS
That Give You Extra Hours of Leisure!

● Begin a meal with one of the delicious Heinz tempting Home-Style Soups—and everything tastes better. They're the perfect hot dishes every cold meal needs! All ready for you to heat and serve. Heinz Soups are made from old-time home recipes with all the tasty goodness of fine ingredients and rare spices slowly cooked in. Order a supply of Heinz summer soups. They cost less than the homemade kind. Hot-weather meals will be easier to fix—thriftier—more appetizing.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

HEINZ SUMMER SOUPS
Appetite-Rousing, Nourishing
And Rich, Especially Good
For Hot-Weather Menus
Heinz Consomme
(served hot or cold)
Heinz Vegetable Soup
Heinz Cream of Vegetable Soup
Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup
Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup
Heinz Cream of Asparagus Soup
Heinz Split Pea Soup
with Vegetables and Ham
Heinz Chicken Noodle Soup
Heinz Gumbo Creole Soup

HEINZ HOME-STYLE SOUPS

THE LONDON LETTER

Reform Reaches the Diplomatic Service

BY P. O'D.

DIPLOMATS differ from one another individually, I presume, just as more ordinary mortals do. It seems unlikely that any system, however complete and exacting, any atmosphere, however impressive, could so mould and fashion a whole multitude of men of varied character and abilities, that they would all come out like peas from the same pod. And yet there is a popular impression of a British diplomat that is oddly persistent—an impression of great courtesy, of a certain dignified aloofness, of an unwillingness to take any kind of chance, of an intense concentration on "face," of a general "stuffed-shirtness," if I may put it vulgarly.

No doubt this impression, like most popular impressions, is unfair—or at any rate, too sweeping. No doubt there are in the Diplomatic Service many shrewd and able men, who know their job thoroughly, and are thinking much more of it than of their careers. But the impression I speak of certainly persists. I have been conscious of it myself, in my very limited and casual experience of British embassies, and I have often heard complaints about it from people with far more experience than mine.

Let me give an instance of the sort of thing I mean. A friend of mine, the European manager of an important English company, had occasion to call on the British Embassy in Berlin. He was making his plans for business in Germany, and he was worried about the international situation. He had letters of introduction to a high official of the Embassy—never mind how high, but very high indeed—and for an hour they discussed the prospects for the peace of Europe.

The official was entirely encouraging. Everything was full of promise. Hitler would see reason. The dove of peace was fluttering about just over their heads. There might be a little more sword-rattling, of course, as a means of gouging out a few extra concessions, but nothing serious. My friend could go ahead with his plans. The omens were favorable. Two weeks later we were at war. My friend just managed to get away in time.

Well Meaning, But . . .

"I wouldn't have minded," said my poor friend, "if he had been cautious with me, if he had made it clear that there were things he couldn't discuss freely. But he wasn't being cautious. He was eager to help, and very charming about it. He was telling me all he could, and some of the things he said about Nazi leaders were anything but careful. The trouble was that he didn't know any more about the real situation in Berlin than the uniformed commissionaire at his front door—if as much."

Well, that sort of thing is going to stop, if Mr. Eden has his way about it. The plan he announced last week for reforms in the Diplomatic Service was necessarily couched in very general terms, but its meaning was clear enough. The career henceforward is to be open to the talents, with the emphasis on brains and energy and "gumption," and much less on social gifts and position or on private means. It may result in some of the higher officials being less obviously gentlemen, but it should also help to keep ornamental poops out of positions where they are a national menace.

This, at any rate, is what the country is promised. There seems to be good reason to believe that something fairly drastic will be done about it, though even the most desirable reforms have a deplorable way of getting whittled down when it comes to fitting them into place. They start out as a new centre-beam for the roof, and end up as a covering for a rat-hole. But Mr. Eden has made one very important step forward, and that is the decision to combine the Consular with the Diplomatic Service, the business end with the social and political. The change should be good for both of them.

Hitherto the Consular Service has been a sort of Cinderella. It has stayed in the kitchen and done the family cooking, while Diplomacy has sat in the parlor and entertained the callers. And yet nearly everyone speaks well of British consuls, their keenness, their lack of side, their knowledge of their job. Mr. Eden apparently thinks it is high time they were given larger opportunities. It seems a wise decision. After all, it was Cinderella that landed the most eligible young man in the neighborhood.

Tommy Maloney, Mrs. Roosevelt's war-guest, does a little building.

These hot summer days

SERVE COOL Lobster JELLY RING

DO you wonder how to tempt the family's appetite these days when nobody wants hot meals any more than you want to get them ready? Here is a refreshing answer! Serve a delicious meal of succulent Canadian canned lobster. You can make an attractive salad, a tasty snack, or a grand meal in less time than it takes to think about it!

And how the family will like it! Canadian canned lobster is the very pick of the catch from the cool coastal waters of our Atlantic coast. And many brands of Canadian canned lobster are Government inspected, and graded for quality. Look for the "Government Inspected" emblem on the tin.

Plan now to serve Canadian canned lobster to your family several days a week. Many appetizing dishes can be made by combining lobster with other foods. Write for the free illustrated booklet "Economical Lobster Recipes" containing an amazing variety of wonderful lobster dishes.

Remember, too, your purchases of Canadian canned lobster will aid Canada's lobster fishermen to meet the emergency they face due to the loss of overseas markets destroyed by the war.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, OTTAWA.
Hon. J. E. Michaud, *Minister.*

GOVERNMENT CHOICE GRADE INSPECTED

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM. IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS LOBSTER, GOVERNMENT INSPECTED AND GRADED AS TO QUALITY.

LOBSTER JELLY RING

To 4 cups chopped cucumber add 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 2¾ cups boiling water; cover and cook until cucumber is very soft. Press through sieve—add water if necessary to make 2 cupfuls. Add ¼ cup white vinegar and heat to boiling point; pour over 2 tablespoons gelatine, which has been softened in ⅓ cup cold water and dissolve. Tint with green food coloring and strain. Chill with occasional stirring until mixture starts to thicken. Add 1 cup diced cucumber and ½ cup finely-cut celery. Turn into oiled ring-mould and chill. Unmould on serving platter and fill with crisp lettuce and Canada Brand Lobster. Garnish with cress and hard-cooked egg slices. Serve dressing.

CANADA'S LOBSTER FISHERMEN NEED YOUR SUPPORT

Department of Fisheries, Ottawa.
Please send me your new booklet: "Economical Lobster Recipes".
Name
Address

Put CANNED LOBSTER on your Shopping List

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Newer American Music

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

ONE day last week in Toronto American music was much to the fore. The most interesting section of the Proms concert at Varsity Arena conducted by Charles O'Connell was a sequence of compositions grouped under the title *Americana*. In the afternoon at the Conservatory of Music, the renowned "musicologist" Lazare Saminsky, a Russian American, lectured on "Music of Today in the Two Americas" and brief compositions by U.S. modernists were used as illustrations. From both events a good case could be made out for the view that in essence there is no such thing as nationality in music. But on the other hand it is clear that in the United States composers are creating new idioms and accents, and inventing new harmonic combinations that add up to a distinctive individuality, unlike anything known in the past. So far as one may generalize, the free and easy American temperament is typified by strange but fascinating experiments in tempo and dissonances. This development has been colored by a host of outside influences which have become potent during the present century. Prior to our time the music of the people was Anglo-Keltic in inspiration, modified by new conditions. Music of the more scholastic tradition was born under Teutonic influences. Since 1900 the voices of Bohemia, Russia, Spain and other lands have altered the situation. Mr. Saminsky himself was born in Odessa, trained under Rimsky-Korsakoff and Liadov, and won his first laurels in musical research by going to Georgia on the borders of Persia to study the folk-song of a very brave and ancient people. He pointed out a fact that had not occurred to most of us, it is erroneous to regard negro spirituals as radically native. They are he says a derivative of Anglo-Keltic influences. Whether he is on sure ground in making the same allegation with regard to the American Indian airs (such as those sung by Mobley Lushanya a fortnight ago) is not so clear, but he is probably right.

In his discourse he avoided the subject of jazz, which is assuredly of the African jungle, but it seems to be a potent influence on modern American composers. Unquestionably Mr. Saminsky is right in his intimation that the composer who clothes himself in the winding sheet of tradition and refuses to listen to the new voices is to all intents and purposes already dead.

Personally I am inclined to think that much of the fresh, diverting, and sometimes disconcerting quality of the "new Music" is due to the discovery that the orchestra has many more voices and is capable of a much wider and richer range of expression than was realized by the classic composer. Evidence was forthcoming in most of the numbers Mr. O'Connell played under the title *Americana*. It was not an American discovery, but international. It seems to have begun in Russia in the seventies when Rimsky-Korsakoff presumed to compose a concerto for trombone. Russians of today like Prokofieff and Shostakovich have been quite as enterprising in extending the orchestral spectrum as the Americans; and nobody has gone farther in releasing new orchestral voices than did the Englishman William Walton. Within the lifetime of many of us the change in outlook has been amazing. It is hardly believable today that in 1889 eminent French musicians censured César Franck for using the English horn in his Symphony, because Beethoven had never done so. The enlargement of the orchestral palate has given new idioms to music everywhere.

As an example of sheer expertness in use of the many instrumental voices Lucien Caillet's *Variations on Pop Goes the Weasel* is outstanding on a trivial but unforgettable little air a magnificent orchestral structure has been erected, sometimes piquant and humorous, sometimes serious and sonorous. The original tune was probably English, and Lucien Caillet is a Frenchman; but it must be admitted that the novel, jocose atmosphere of the whole work is American. The same may be said for McBride's *Fugato on a well known Theme*. Here again a tune which not so long ago, would have been regarded as suitable only to a penny whistle grows into a fascinating arabesque. Harl McDonald's *Rhumba* with its thrilling crescendo is certainly not European, and in derivation probably African. When taken apart Victor Herbert's *American Rhapsody* is as cosmopolitan as the Irish-Viennese-American composer was himself. Foster got the air of *Suwance River* from an Austrian master teacher in Louisville, and it is to be found in Schubert's Overture *Rosamunde*. The tune of *The Star Spangled Banner* was an English drinking song; and the only typically American tune Herbert employs is *Dixie*, born of a genuinely American institution, the black-face minstrel show.

My only complaint against the young and lovely guest artist Eleanor Steber was that she chose to sing the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*. It is of course a test of finished scale singing which the young soprano met most charmingly and efficiently. But I fancy most listeners are tired of Margaret's raptures over the package of costume jewellery which Mephisto left on the back door-step. Miss Steber, a Virginia girl is lovely in all respects, captivating in bearing and gifted in facial expression. Few voices have been enclosed in so precious a casket, and of itself it is pure, fervent, and sincere. Her powers were best displayed in Sacco's weird dramatic sketch *Rapunzel*,—the title character apparently being a witch as objectionable as the sisters whom Macbeth, to his own undoing, failed to burn.

Stewart Wins Ovations

There can be no doubt of the enthusiasm Reginald Stewart inspired on his recent guest appearances in the United States. He had conducted The National Symphony Orchestra at Washington previously and was warmly welcomed. His concerts with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at the Lewissohn Stadium on July 14th, 15th and 16th were significant, because it was the first occasion during its century of existence that the organization had been conducted by a Canadian. The New York Times described his reception as an ovation and other newspapers were equally enthusiastic. There were demonstrations on the second night when he concluded his program with Enesco's first *Roumanian Rhapsody*. Apparently this work is not so well known to New York audiences as it is to our own; and the sustained rhythmical brilliance of Stewart's rendering was highly praised. He played three British works from the Proms repertory that were novelties for his listeners. Warlock's lovely *Capriol Suite;* William Walton's Coronation March *Crown Imperial* and Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *Benedictus*.

One result of Mr. Stewart's seven years of intensive work with the Proms orchestra in Toronto has been to give him a very wide repertory.

Allard de Ridder, violist, who joins the Hart House Quartet in place of Milton Blackstone, who will retire owing to continued ill-health.

Frank Murch, brilliant Canadian conductor, appears with the Prom Orchestra on Thursday, July 31st.

THE WEEK IN RADIO

Canadian Press and Radio Make a Deal

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

ABOUT 85 Canadian newspapers this week went into the business of selling news to radio stations and radio sponsors. Through their co-operative news collecting agency, the Canadian Press, they have set up a radio news service known as Press News Ltd. They have named W. Rupert Davies, President of Canadian Press, as president of the new organization, with Arthur Ford, of London, vice-president. The concern is already serving a number of radio stations in Ontario and Quebec. Separate offices have been set up, apart from Canadian Press. S. G. Ross, former Pacific superintendent for CP at Vancouver, has been named manager, and W. B. Preston, Brantford; Roy Thomson, Timmins; H. M. Hueston, Sarnia; Wesley McCurdy, Winnipeg; and Emile Jean, Three Rivers, are directors.

In setting up Press News Ltd., the Canadian newspapers have done what American newspapers belonging to Associated Press did in United States earlier this year. The latter have named their organization Press Association. Up to the formation of Press News the Canadian Press refused permission to radio stations and to sponsors to use their news for commercial purposes.

The Canadian Press, it is understood, is continuing to provide its regular news service to the CBC, which uses CP and other news services as the basis of the bulletins prepared by the CBC's own newsmen.

"I WISH to heaven you were right, that the CBC paid the Promenade Concerts $25,000", writes the indefatigable president of the Toronto Musical Protective Association, Walter Murdoch. "If you will cut that figure in half you will be much nearer the figure". All right, Walter, we will cut it in half. Half of $25,000 is $12,500. Correction: The CBC paid the Toronto Promenade Orchestra $12,500 for the privilege of broadcasting their programs.

Mr. Murdoch also protests against a humorous line in this column which hinted that "this business of having 40 to 100 people in a radio orchestra is nothing but a scheme of the musicians' union". This statement, says Mr. Murdoch, is "as screwy as it is inaccurate".

Says he, "The Toronto Musical Protective Association has absolutely nothing to do with the number of men who are employed on radio. If the program is a sponsored commercial program, the producer selects his leader and informs him whether he requires one man or 100 men. On sustaining programs the same condition exists. There is no minimum number of men on radio broadcasts."

All we wanted to say was that we like oboe and harpsichord players on the air. Now look at the predicament we're in with the Union!

THE other night we listened again to "New Homes for Old", the CBC weekly presentation featuring the stories of Old World refugees who have found safety and freedom in the New World. This time it was about an Icelander, and when the story was told of his early days, in Iceland, and why he had come to Canada, the refugee himself came to the microphone, in a Winnipeg station. He confessed that the dramatic production prepared by script-writer Al Grosart had stretched a point here and there, but radio broadcasting, like poetry, must be allowed some liberties.

If you listened to this, or any previous program in the series, you must have noticed the incidental music and how beautifully it fitted into the mood of the program. Samuel Hersenhoren, who directs the orchestra, tells us that John Weinzweig, a young Canadian composer, created the original music himself. "Undoubtedly, he has ability", said Hersenhoren, who believes in giving every opportunity to young Canadian composers. Some day, when the money is available, Hersenhoren wants to direct an orchestra playing original music of young Canadians. It will be an experimental program. It will not compete with the work of the great artists. Some of it will not be good, he admitted. But out of the experiment may come some really worth-while compositions.

Sophie Stewart, popular British stage and screen star, at the Royal Alex. in 'Mary Rose' week of July 28.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald R. Hardwell of Crowell Place, Maplewood, New Jersey, announce the engagement of their daughter Miss Florence Elizabeth Hardwell, to William Foote Gibby, son of Mrs. William Dwight Gibby, of Maplewood, and the late Mr. Gibby.

The wedding has been planned for the Autumn.

Miss Hardwell was graduated from Saint Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn., and Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Mr. Gibby was graduated in 1933 from Princeton University, and from the Princeton School of Engineering in 1934. He was a member of the Triangle Club.

Miss Hardwell is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Hardwell of Toronto and Ottawa. Mrs. James Hardwell was one of the organizers of the Canadian Railway Commission and its Chief Tariff Officer.

THE BACK PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Back Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Back Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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FILM PARADE

Mr. Disney's Documentary

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

FANATICAL Disney admirerers may be a little upset at the anatomizing the Disney art gets in "The Reluctant Dragon." However most people are prepared to accept the fact that the Disney creations don't just grow under cabbages, and these will be delighted with Mr. Disney's latest brightly clinical offering.

"The Reluctant Dragon," it is hardly necessary to say, is no Fitzpatrick tour of the Disney wonderland. Walt Disney always does things in his own way, and in "The Reluctant Dragon" he has managed to blend into a sort of documentary fantasy human actors, drawing board creatures, sequences showing workers operating under the very best modern factory conditions, the Voices of Donald Duck And Clara Cluck, snatches of color cartoons, story conferences, color abstractions in paint, studies of personnel (including Mr. Disney himself in pale green gabardines), and the Kenneth Grahame fantasy as a wind-up. It all adds up to something very odd and exciting, an industrial study that corresponds to some happy child's notion of Santa Claus's work-shop where miracles perform themselves and everyone is supernaturally clever, handsome, funny and kind. Only Walt Disney, who seems equally in touch with the adult and the nursery worlds, could have turned a trick like that.

MR. DISNEY likes violence, but he likes inversions even better, and nothing seems to please him more than to take a violent conception and turn it inside out. The color symphony "The Reluctant Dragon," which occupies the last twenty minutes of the film is similar in theme to "Ferdinand the Bull" but I enjoyed "The Reluctant Dragon" even more, since it wasn't marred, as "Ferdinand" was, by arch commentary. All the commentary a Disney film needs is richly supplied by the sound-effects department (you can watch them at work in this film, building up a wild symphony of accompaniment with whistles, buckets of water, and splintering match wood.) The other shorts in the picture, "Casey Junior," "Baby Weems," and "How To Ride a Horse," are all wonderfully funny. Somehow the illusion of sponaneity persists in all of them when you have seen them being made before your eyes, right there on the plant.

IF THE Dr. Kildare series goes much further it's going to turn us into a race of hypochondriacs. I'm sure that a lot of people who went to the latest item, "Dr. Kildare's Crisis," with nothing much on their minds but a vague worry about Smolensk came away convinced that they had an obscure case of progressive epilepsy, resembling dementia praecox.

Robert Young is the victim here—not, as it turns out, of epilepsy but of Dr. Kildare's brilliant but mistaken diagnosis. But it isn't going to do the series any good if people get to thinking that he is one of these snap diagnosticians who order hospitalization when all we need to fix us up is maybe a couple of aspirin.

AT THE THEATRE

Aubrey Smith's Youth is a Handicap

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

MR. C. Aubrey Smith, who plays the part of Sylvanus Heythorp in the production of Galsworthy's *Old English* at the Royal Alexandra this week, was born on July 21, 1863; Sylvanus is supposed to be eighty, or a little more, so Mr. Smith ought to be ripe for the part, if he is ever going to be so. But it was so clear on the first night that Mr. Smith was physically, mentally, and artistically younger than anyone else on the stage that his attempt to feign great age was a hopeless failure. He looked sixty and acted fifty, but the audience readily forgave him, for Mr. Smith, even when he is not well cast, is the superior of all but a few actors now on the stage.

It is inevitable that any actor who undertakes the part of Sylvanus Heythorp should be compared with George Arliss in the same role. Arliss, of course, was never in the first place like Sylvanus either, but he made a success of the part in his own way. It is made clear in the text of the play that Sylvanus is a grossly fat old man, and that he has to be hauled up and down by his clerks and servants because he is no longer able to lift his own great weight. Mr. Arliss wore an unconvincing false stomach for the part but his face and his soul were those of a spare, small man. As Old English he was delightfully dry and witty, but it was impossible to regard him as an old rake, or as one who had been a gay dog in his youth. Mr. Smith wears no pillows, and is full-blooded where Arliss was dry and keen, and the result is that he does not look Sylvanus' age and seems to be very much a gay dog at the present moment.

Galsworthy's play is in the doldrums. We can no longer regard it as a modern piece, for it is more neatly contrived than is the fashion at present, and we do not now admire Galsworthy's "romance of business" approach to drama. It was the fixed idea of that dramatist that stirring passions and high tragedy were to be found in board meetings and that a document of conveyance was as exciting as a love letter. Probably that is why he was more effective as a novelist. Good business rarely makes a good play, but it may make a good story. In another twenty or thirty years *Old English* will be an interesting period piece, and should get an occasional revival.

Fashions in living have struck at Galsworthy's play too. We no longer estimate a man's gentility by his capacity to take in and hold down vast quantities of food and drink. Nor are we prepared to accept the premise that, because Old English is a gentleman, he is entitled to behave in business like a common crook. When Galsworthy wrote his great scene in the last act between Old Heythorn and Ventnor, the attorney, he laid his stress on the fact that the old man was a gentleman and the lawyer was a cad, and not on the equally obvious fact that they were both sharpers.

In spite of all this captiousness, I advise you to see Aubrey Smith in *Old English*, for he is a wonderfully finished actor and is a delight to see and hear, even in a part which does not suit him. The supporting cast is not strong, and several of them do not seem to know anything about the middle-class Victorians whom they are supposed to represent. Conspicuous exceptions to this general structure were John Glen, who played Farney, the faithful secretary, and Bernice Wingate, who was charming as an Irish maid.

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ASK ABOUT THE FOUR CONVENIENT WAYS TO BUY FURS IN THE AUGUST SALE

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THE PICTURES

(Left) illustrate an unusual combination of Early American and ultra-modern decor. Lucite, one of science's youngest brain-children, enters into a happy marriage with a rare collection of old china in the dining room, with an antique mirror in the bedroom. The rooms are part of the newly decorated residence of Helena Rubinstein.

DRESSING TABLE

How's Your I. Q.?

BY ISABEL MORGAN

TEST your I.Q. in beauty matters, and see how you fare. If your score is eighty per cent or more, you're so decorative you probably are a pain in the neck to yourself and your friends—if you have any. Sixty per cent or more—you'll do. Less than thirty per cent—tut, tut, better pull yourself together, m'girl.

1. Are you one of those who, definitely overweight, put a much too bold face on the matter, and without the least encouragement talk interminably about the reducing regime you are going to embark on "next week"—at the same time reaching for another petit four—your sixth, if you haven't cheated on the score.

2. Is it a matter of overweening pride with you that the tips of your fingernails are almost half an inch long—and that they look so lethal they frighten as well as amaze people who see them for the first time?

3. If you were invited to a "Come-As-You-Are" party at one o'clock in the a.m. would your face be smeared with cream and your hair a nest of curlers?—Or would you be sleepy-eyed but engaging nevertheless?

4. Do you go in for skin care in fits and starts, spending a small fortune on all the creams, lotions and cosmetics you need, using them faithfully for about a week and then forgetting all about them for a couple of months?

5. Do you put make-up on in the morning and then superimpose new layers over the old during the day—instead of starting from scratch at least once. It requires only about five minutes to do so, you know, and prevents countless complexion troubles.

6. Do you regard your powder-puff as an old tried and true friend?—Or do you cast it off and replace it with a new one as soon as the old becomes the least bit soiled?

7. Are you open-minded about new shades of make-up, or are you wearing the same color in lipstick and powder you did five years ago?

8. Every depilatory or deodorant preparation sold carries full and complete directions concerning its correct use. Do you read these directions carefully, and follow them too?

9. Have you more than one brush and comb—and does a freshly washed pair appear on your dressing table every three or four days?

10. Do you expect cosmetics to cover up the effects of lack of sleep and a carefree diet?

11. Do you believe that another coating of nail polish can conceal the necessity for a manicure treatment?

12. Have you managed to find a good hairdresser who Understands your hair—or do you skip around from one to another because you like to experiment?

13. Have you a bit of a complex about wearing your hair in a different way and do you go on at length about your resentment of current style changes?

14. When you buy a new cream or skin lotion, do you always listen to the person who sells it to you when she tells you how to use it and what you can expect it to do for you? Or do you take it home, smear it on, and expect a miracle to take place before your eyes?

At Greenwich

The newly decorated Greenwich, Conn., home of Helena Rubinstein who in private life is Princess Gourielli-Tchkonia, is an unusual combination of Early American decoration and that of modern times. The dining room, of which an illustration appears on this page, has furniture which is constructed entirely of lucite. In the centre is the largest lucite table yet designed. Sailor knots tie the legs to the bottom ring and all the parts are fitted together without screws. The chairs are cunningly contrived from the same plastic. Legs of the chairs are attached to the ring with sailor's knots and a rose engraving constitutes their only ornament.

The bedroom (also shown) has pink walls and ceiling. Curtains are wood blocked printed material by Paule Marrot of Paris in a violent pink with green, yellow and white flowers. The specially designed bed is constructed of lucite, too, through which fluorescent lights hidden in the base send out light which falls directly from the scalloped edge of the plastic head on the book or paper being read in bed. The dressing table is a Helena Rubinstein original; the mirror is a magnificent French crystal of the eighteenth century.

Sweet dreams are assured in a peach satin gown with bodice and shoulder bretelles of lace tinted to match. And as a companion piece—a sheer frothy coat in same shade as gown.

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"THE BACK PAGE"

"My Countries, 'Tis of Youse . . ."

BY HUGH SHOOBRIDGE

THE Blood, Toil, Tears and Sweat of the British Commonwealth and the Agony of Leasing and Lending in the United States finally brought victory and the task of fashioning the New World.

The two Master Democrats stood in the Workshop. They had endured to the end and they had planned it that way; around them were blueprints of the Four Freedoms, of Union Now, Peace in Our Time, and others, in varying states of decrepitude. In the background hovered either an Assistant or a Complication wearing a heavy moustache, a red blouse and knee boots.

The First Master Democrat took his cigar from his mouth. "We have purged and blasted the bad man from the scene," he remarked. "The labor and the wounds are not vain. Let us to the Toil, to the Task, of so adjusting our entangled affairs that we go united towards the better days."

The Second Master Democrat shook his impressive head in an emphatic assenting motion. "It must be done," he agreed; "it can be done, it will be done."

Came the Bottleneck.

THE First Democrat flourished a blueprint and exhibited it. "This," he remarked, "is the Model of a New Order from which to build. It shows a free Association of Nations equal in Status, in no way subordinate in any aspect of their affairs, but united in a common Allegiance to the Crown; perhaps with some adjustment here and there we may so arrange that one George can repair that which an earlier George ruptured."

But the Second Democrat had a blueprint of his own. "Our Constitution can be outflanked," he stated, "but it can not be ignored or assaulted. I have here, however, a simple Federal Plan perfectly suited to your Associates. It is drawn along hemispherical Lines but the boundaries of Hemispheres mean little to me; we can easily push them around."

In the background the uncouth individual with the moustache had produced a rather stained blueprint. "Look, Comrades," he urged, but desisted as he saw they were not listening to him but were exchanging verbal barrages and recklessly flinging at each other such words as "rigidity," "diversity," "frustration," "federation," "freedom," and other terms beyond his comprehension. So he fell back on his silent and sardonic attitude and hoped for a deadlock.

SUDDENLY the Second Master Democrat swept the blueprints aside. "We must have a New Deal," he said. "There was once a man named Lafayette who was a Marquis in a Kingdom but he performed great service to our Republic and was made a citizen. He had, then, rights and responsibilities in two countries; he could live in either and he liked them both. You, My Friend, have performed prodigies in the service of our Republic and should also have that citizenship; but so have many thousands of your people to whom we owe the same gift."

Fire kindled in the eyes of the First Democrat. "You have had one of those moments of clear vision," he replied, "which, now and then, illumine, as by a lightning flash, the toilsome paths of Nations. It would not, Sir, become you to refuse to accept from My Sovereign an honor he has wished to bestow on you; I can now reveal that as Viscount Franklin of Hyde Park you will be the first of your countrymen to accept the Freedom of our Commonwealth—and may I remind you of the sacred obligation towards the guest who has broken Hot Dogs with you? You will be called to our Counsels but yet need depart in no degree from full service and allegiance to your own Union."

"TO THE Dual Citizen," replied the Second Democrat, "boundaries between our two Systems will cease to exist. Judiciously awarded for service and merit, the wide and wider extension of Dual Citizenship will build up a solid core of Union within our populations and leave intact the State Mechanisms upon which we pride ourselves. To the individual it will become a mark of recognition eagerly to be sought; to our two countries a new and potent link. The time will come when other lands will follow us and there will be triple and quadruple citizenships until the foreign entanglements will be beyond unravelling."

The Comrade in the background did not approve. "Merely the old Capitalistic dodge of Interlocking Directorates," he muttered through his moustache. "Never in the history of Human Talk has so much been said So Big about So Little."

But the Comrade had made mistakes before and the Master Democrats heeded him not.

Answers to Literary Quiz

1. Adam Smith, 1776
2. Thomas Robert Malthus, 1798
3. Friedrich List, 1840
4. Pierre Proudhon, 1846
5. Karl Marx, 1847 (reply to 4)
6. Henry George, 1879
7. Sidney and Beatrice Webb, 1894
8. Thomas Nixon Carver, 1904
9. Max Weber, 1905
10. Thorstein Veblen, 1912
11. Nikolai Lenin, 1917
12. Richard Henry Tawney, 1921
13. Josiah Wedgwood, 1929
14. John Maynard Keynes, 1936

Lord Anslough's Shirt

AS TOLD TO KATHLEEN STRANGE

I RECENTLY had occasion to attend a farmer's convention in a prairie country town. An extraordinary number of delegates turned up; so many, in fact, that accommodation at the single frame hotel was taxed to capacity, and even after the visitors had been billeted out on all and sundry among the residents who had space to spare, it still meant that some must sleep two, and even as many as three, in a bed!

I was assigned to a room in the hotel that boasted two double beds. In one bed slept three men; in the other two an old gentleman from somewhere up in the northern part of the province, and myself.

My bedmate was a truly remarkable old fellow. He was in his seventies, grizzled and weather-beaten, but with a wiry frame and a mental alertness that would have shamed many a younger man. He wore a straggling, greyish beard, that partly covered his chest. His eyes were small and twinkling, and very, very blue. His face was a network of fine wrinkles, etched there by many years of looking humorously on life, and, despite the fact that he had lived in Canada for well over forty years, he had not lost one whit of an extreme Cockney accent.

He told me that he had been a cab driver in London in the days of the old-fashioned "growler" and hansom cab. His cab rank had been close to a famous London square, where dwelt a great many English notabilities—"lords and dukes and herls," as the old gentleman put it, and he constantly regaled me with intimate stories of these people, a number of whom had been his regular customers for several years.

I NOTICED that he wore, with an ordinary and somewhat faded and grimy dark blue suit, a stiff evening shirt, though I have to confess that it was without a collar or tie. What was my surprise, when we retired at night, to find that he still wore the shirt in bed as a nightshirt! He wore it, in fact, throughout the entire Convention. That is, until tragedy unexpectedly overcame it.

It was not long before he told me the story of the shirt.

It had been given to him, he said, by a certain Lord Anslough, famous in his day as a big game hunter and gay and debonair man about town. Many a time, the old man told me, he had helped Lord Anslough into his house when His Lordship was feeling "a little bit of orl right!" His Lordship, in fact, had come to look upon him almost in the light of a friend.

One night, when he had driven His Lordship home from a late party, his fare had found himself without sufficient money to pay the bill.

"'Look 'ere, me lad,' he says to me," the old cabby related, "'you take this 'ere shirt I'm wearing. It's well worth the guinea I owe you. Keep it as a little souvenir of me, and I 'ope it brings you good luck!' And lo and be'old he pulls orf 'is evening jacket and 'is collar and tie, and strips 'isself of 'is shirt and 'ands it to me right there on the street! I don't know wot would 'ave 'appened if a bobby 'ad come along just then. But we was all alone in the square. Only 'is butler saw 'im come in, in 'is trousers and underwear, and carrying 'is evening coat on 'is arm. And the butler, of course, never so much as batted an eyelid at 'is Lordship, being used to 'is Lordship's funny little ways, and knowing as 'ow he must be 'umored."

Well, my cabby friend had cherished that evening shirt through all the years that he had lived on a Canadian farm, always wearing it on the special occasions when he came to town, as he was proudly doing at this time.

ON THE last night of the Convention the old gentleman and I were walking down the main street when we saw two young women coming towards us. They smiled at us and greeted us in the friendly fashion that is common towards strangers in small prairie towns.

"Were you two gentlemen looking for something to do tonight?" one of the girls asked brightly. "If so, we can take you to a place where there'll be plenty of music and entertainment and where you'll be most welcome."

Despite his years, my old friend's eyes began to sparkle and he perked up at once.

"I'm game, girls," he said promptly. "'Ow about you, mister?"

I shook my head. "I've a committee meeting to attend," I excused myself. "You go along if you want to. But be careful now," I admonished teasingly.

He wagged his head. "I 'aven't lived all these years and not know 'ow to look after meself," he said knowingly, and off he went, a girl on either arm, strutting along like a twenty-year-old.

I went to my own meeting and forgot all about him. Much later in the evening, however, a man came up to me and touched me on the shoulder. He introduced himself as the village policeman.

"THERE'S an old fellow down at the station," he said, "who's asking for you. He's got himself into a bit of trouble and it will cost someone twenty-five dollars to bail him out."

I went along, wondering what on earth could have happened.

When I saw my old friend I had quite a shock. His clothes were all mussed up, he had a black eye and one hand was cut across the knuckles. Worst of all, the precious evening shirt was ripped almost to ribbons.

"Just look at it, sir," he moaned dismally. "Lord Anslough's shirt! Fair ruined it is!"

I commiserated with him and asked what had occurred.

"Well, it was this way," he confessed. "Them young ladies wasn't quite the nice young ladies I thought they was. They took me to a place where there was some people wot was singing and dancing and cutting up a bit. There was some liquor going around, too, and o'course I 'ad a few meself, and offers some to the young ladies. Then someone shoves a bill under me nose for ten dollars and tells me that's the price of the drinks we've 'ad, 'cos this is a bootlegging joint and you've got to pay 'eavy for what you 'ave there. I tells them I 'aven't got ten dollars on me and I don't think the drinks was worth ten dollars anyway, and then they got nasty and someone locks the door and says they 'aint going to let me out till I've paid. The upshot is there's a big argument starts and I'm in the thick of it. There was one young chap right cheeky 'e was—wot starts to make fun of me shirt, and that was more than I could stand, so I loses me temper proper and ups with me fist and lets 'im 'ave it right on the nose. Knocks 'im out cold, it does. The next thing I know there's a free-for-all going on and pretty soon a policeman breaks in and arrests us all."

I PAID the twenty-five dollars bail for him and the next morning he came up before the local judge.

"A man of your age should have known better than to go to a place like that," the judge told him severely. "And fighting, too! You should be ashamed of yourself."

"The fight wouldn't 'ave 'appened, sir," the old man protested mildly, "if they 'adn't made fun of me shirt. Lord Anslough's shirt it was, sir, and 'im as fine a gentleman as ever walked."

"Lord Anslough's shirt did you say? How did you come to get hold of a shirt of Lord Anslough's?" the judge asked, in a funny tone.

The old fellow launched into his story of the shirt once more.

When he had finished, you should have seen the look on the judge's face. He was smiling broadly as he announced: "Fined five dollars. Court adjourned." Then he stepped down from his bench, put his hand into his pocket, pulled out a five dollar bill and handed it to the clerk of the court. At the same time he grasped my old friend warmly by the hand.

"I'm delighted to know you," he said. "You see, Lord Anslough was my father!"

LOVE—YOU EXPLAIN IT!

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She blisters on the sand.
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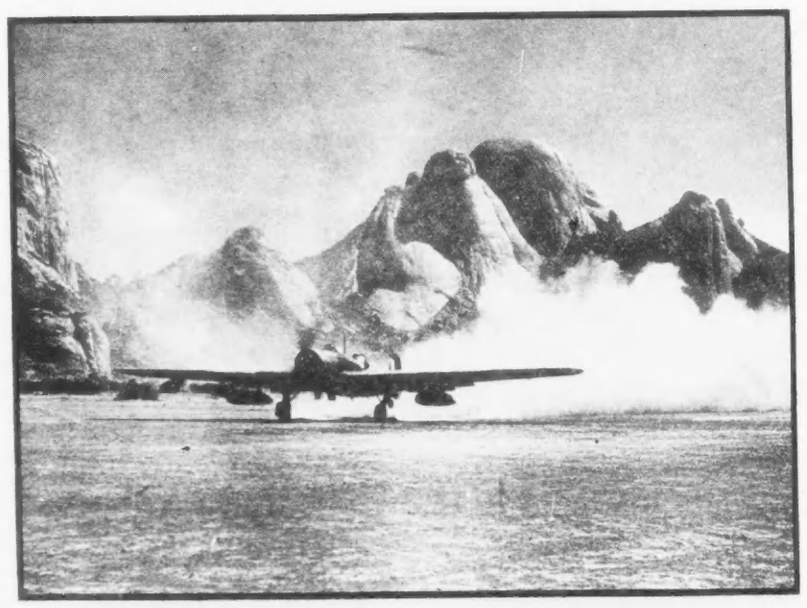
THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
GOLD & DROSS

Safety for the Investor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 26, 1941 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

Should the Bank of Canada Issue More Money?

On July 12, an armistice was signed between the opposing British and French forces in Syria after a month long struggle which was entered into without enthusiasm by either the British or the French. Vichy, seeing its forces outnumbered and under-equipped asked for an armistice. When Britain proposed one which included Free French in negotiations, Vichy refused, then authorized General Dentz, High Commissioner, to negotiate. These are prisoners taken in the fighting near Palmyra.



Armistice negotiations between the British and French took place at Acre, in Palestine. In the Sydney Smith Barracks, General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, British Commander-in-Chief, presided with General Jean de Verdillac acting for the French. The latter had been selected by Vichy because he was less anti-British than General Dentz. With Sir Henry Wilson at the conference table was General Georges Catroux who has been condemned to death by Vichy. Above is a British bomber off for a foray over Beirut, where the fighting was bitter. Below: an Aussie machine gun nest on the outskirts of Beirut. By her victory in Syria, Britain now controls the entire system of railways running from Egypt into Palestine and Syria to Iraq. Also, Britain is now placed along the southern border of her lukewarm ally, Turkey. The one gap in Britain's eastern defences now is Iran and reports early this week were to the effect that Empire troops were massed on that country's borders.

BY W. J. MAGOR

It is frequently said that to create a national income large enough to bear the huge costs of war plus our normal expenses, the Bank of Canada must issue a larger amount of money.

Mr. Magor shows us that the right way to bring about the desired increase in national income is to increase the velocity of circulation or rate of turnover of the money we already have.

IN THE past we have regarded financial matters as of interest only to financial experts but now that the Government expects us to contribute in taxes and loans during the fiscal year 1941-42 the sum of $433,000,000 for ordinary expenditures, $1,540,000,000 for war expenditures and $1,150,000,000 to provide Aid for Britain and in addition to these amounts we will require more than $3 billions to provide ourselves with a reasonable standard of living, we begin to realize that financial matters are the vital concern of the entire nation.

As civilian Canada must set its face resolutely to the task of raising over $6 billions during the year our first concern should be to plan how we are going to do it. The records of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that the total amount of money in existence is about $350,000,000 and that the total amount of bank deposits in existence is around $2,700,000,000, but these amounts fall far short of our requirements.

However, it will be pointed out that we have another source of revenue in the wages, salaries and profits that industry pays us when it purchases our labor and materials to use in the industrial operations. How much can be obtained from this source? The records of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that in 1929, for example, industry financed the production of $3,440 millions' worth of goods and $2,465 millions' worth of services and paid a total of $5,905,000,000 in wages, salaries and profits. As we have a greater amount of money in existence today than we had in 1929 we believe that our industrial organization ought to be able to finance the production of $6 billions' worth of goods and services and pay a total of $6 billions in wages, salaries and profits.

Industrial leaders will say that industry has no means of paying $6 billions in wages, salaries and profits other than by obtaining possession of the $350,000,000 of money and the $2,700,000,000 of bank deposits: and the great bulk of these is under the control of the chartered banks and the general public. Financing the 1929 operations required the assistance of the banking system in providing loans and the general public in providing the market for the goods and services.

The records further show that we had as much money in 1934 as in 1929 and yet only $1,974 millions' worth of goods and $1,611 millions' worth of services were produced and only $3,585,000,000 was paid in wages, salaries and profits. Industry will say it was unable to accumulate more than $3,585,000,000 in 1934 because the banking system did not lend as much money or the general public purchase as large a supply of goods and services as in 1929. We must realize that industry cannot pay $6 billions in wages, salaries and profits during the fiscal year 1941-42 unless the banking system and the general public give their whole-hearted co-operation as they did in 1929. As the welfare of all Canada is bound up in this question it ought to receive the earnest consideration of our best experts.

The first question we will ask is what assistance is our banking system prepared to render to industry

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Victory Loan Wasn't All

BY P. M. RICHARDS

YOU, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, maybe thought you had done your bit pretty well when you bought Victory Bonds (after having already pledged yourselves to buy War Savings Certificates regularly) and helped put the 600-million-dollar Victory Loan well over the top. It may surprise you, then, to be told that you still have the biggest part of the job to do. That is to replace the savings consumed by your subscription to the loan. As good citizens, it is up to you and other subscribers to do this, because if you don't the country won't really have gained much by the loan, since the funds in custody of the banks, insurance companies, etc., which were withdrawn to buy Victory Bonds were really available to the Government anyway.

To buy Victory Bonds, the individual purchasers gave cheques on their bank accounts (savings), or borrowed from the bank or on their insurance, or sold investments (perhaps Dominion bonds), or bought the Victory Bonds on the installment plan. These purchases—at that stage—really meant no more than a transfer of funds from private control to the Government. That was a desirable step, under the circumstances, but not very important, since these funds already existed and formed part of the nation's assets which, in one way or another, could be utilized to finance the war.

Make Good the Depletions

The point is, of course, that the buyers of Victory Bonds did not create any purchasing power by making the purchase; they merely transferred it, and the real payment for the bonds will be made only if, as and when the buyers reduce their customary expenditures to build up their depleted bank balances, or to pay the installments on the bonds or pay off the loan from the bank or insurance company. So the public interest now requires that the possessors of bank balances depleted through buying Victory Bonds set to work to make good the depletions by economizing on their consumption of goods and services. If they do so they will really be contributing to winning the war, in more ways than one.

The Bank of Nova Scotia discusses "Financing the War" in the current issue of its Monthly Review and says: "The truth is that the war has thus far been financed mainly by a pronounced increase in the national production and income, which has been sufficient to provide for the war effort and to leave even more than formerly for civilian consumption. In the current fiscal year, there can be no doubt that the largest part of the increase in the war effort will also come out of our human and material resources, i.e. out of a larger national income. But the strain is increasing and the war is certain to involve a considerable reduction in the incomes and consumption of some groups in the community."

Some groups will necessarily have to consume less, for the reason that other groups are going to consume more (these being largely the re-employed workers who now have means to satisfy long-standing wants), whereas the supply of goods and services available will increase little if at all. The Bank of Nova Scotia Survey seems to think it may increase slightly, but against this we have an actual and perhaps sizable decrease suggested in the recent statement from Ottawa that this country has now reached full employment or will do so in a few weeks' time. Before that condition is reached, it is of course possible to increase production for war and production for civilian use at one and the same time, but beyond that point (assuming that "full employment" refers to both labor and productive equipment) production for war can be increased only by correspondingly cutting down on production for civilian use. And we *must* increase our war production.

As a Check to Inflation

We now have several reasons besides the primary one just stated, why we must reduce our consumption of civilian goods and services. One is the need for economies to make up the depletion of our savings due to purchase of Victory Bonds. Another is the necessity for doing so created by the increased consumption of others in the face of a probable lack of increase and even decrease in total supply. Still another is to contribute toward the prevention of an inflationary rise in prices. The basis of such a rise exists when there is a flow of purchasing power into the hands of consumers in excess of the supply of goods and services they want to buy. That condition exists now, but a runaway price rise has been held in check so far by the various controls exercised by Ottawa. If, as suggested above, the supply of civilian goods can no longer increase and may even decline because of arrival at a condition of full employment, the pressure on those price controls will be great. The only effective way to ease that pressure and reduce the inflation threat is to reduce our consumption of goods and services.

The national problem today is not one of finance but one of production and consumption.

and it will answer that it is prepared to extend credits to the limit of its ability, but it can lend only such funds as are at its disposal. It will be said that the records show that our banking system has about $2,700,000,000 on deposit and that loans could be made out of these funds. The Banking System will point out that these deposits of $2,700,000,000 do not represent money that it has at its disposal; they simply represent the amount of money that it owes to its depositors, therefore, it cannot lend its debts to finance the industrial operations. As the only way it can make loans is out of its assets, we will want to know what assets it possesses.

Can't Lend What's Lent

The records show that our banking system possesses about $1,700,000,000 in governmental and municipal bonds as security for loans made to the various governmental bodies, and about $1 billion in promissory notes as security for payment of loans made to the general public. It cannot lend what has already been loaned and neither could it lend the promissory notes or bonds. The records show that the remaining assets that it possesses consist of about $250,000,000 in cash.

At the first glance it would appear that there is not sufficient money in the country to enable industry to pay a national income of $6 billions and this fact has led many people to believe that the Bank of Canada should issue a greater amount of money. The reply of the Bank of Canada that we have sufficient funds available to meet our requirements has not settled the argument.

The problem we have to solve during the fiscal year 1941-42 is how industry is going to finance the production of $6 billions' worth of goods and services and pay $6 billions in wages, salaries and profits with only $350,000,000 of money in existence and $2,700,000,000 of bank deposits. Perhaps it would help us if we understood clearly how we were able to pay a larger national income in 1929 than in 1934. An expert opinion on this subject is contained in the following statement that appears on page 883 of the 1937 Canada Year Book. It states:

"The national income of Canada was about $5,690,000,000 in 1929 and in 1934 only about $3,613,000,000. This reduction in national income is what would be expected in the light of the fall in turnover since 1929."

Income and Turnover

It would appear from this that the amount of the national income is determined by the turnover, therefore we should endeavor to ascertain what the turnover is. The Monthly Review of the Bank of Nova Scotia, May 1935, made the following statement: "There is a circular movement of purchasing power which flows out from producers to consumers, from consumers to merchants, and back again to producers." It is well known that money travels around this circuit and this movement of money is what is classified as the turnover of money.

This would indicate that it was putting our money through this turnover that enabled us to earn a national income of $5,905,000,000 in 1929, and that a subsequent fall in turnover caused the drop of over $2 billions in the 1934 income, therefore, if we desire to earn a national income of $6 billions we must put our money through the turnover in somewhat the same manner that was used in 1929. We will say that if we knew what method was used in 1929 we would gladly use it today.

It seems that the first step in putting our money through the turnover is for the producers to pay the money to consumers in wages, salaries and profits, but they will point out that the bulk of the money and bank savings are under the control of our banking system, therefore, they cannot obtain possession until the banking system provides them with the necessary loans. Now we will want to know what loans our banking system is prepared to give producers to finance the industrial operations.

As already stated, the assets that our banking system has at its disposal consist of $1,700,000,000 in governmental and municipal bonds, $1 billion in promissory notes given by the general public and $250,000,000 in cash. To ascertain how loans can be made out of these assets it will be necessary to investigate our banking system's method of making loans.

When a borrower negotiates a loan of $1,000, for example, at a branch of our banking system he has to sign a promissory note promising to pay $1,000 in two, six or twelve months and the borrower's name is then entered on a ledger sheet together with a credit of $1,000. That gives the borrower the right to draw $1,000 in cash from the bank. The borrower is usually in business of some sort and when he obtains the loan he purchases labor and materials which he utilizes to produce one thousand dollars' worth of goods which he will later sell to repay his loan.

The people who contribute the labor and materials are paid $1,000 in wages, salaries and profits by the borrower issuing cheques entitling the holders to draw $1,000 from the banking system. When these cheques are cashed they are entered on the debit side of the borrower's account. The people who earn the $1,000 will later spend them in purchasing some of the things on sale and as the people who sell them are indebted to the banking system they will deposit the money to reduce their indebtedness. That returns to the banking system the $1,000 it had loaned earlier.

More Work for Money

After the $1,000 are returned they can be loaned and put through the turnover in the same way a second time and that would finance the production of another one thousand dollars' worth of goods, pay another $1,000 in wages, salaries and profits and then return them a second time to the banking system. On this basis, lending the $1,000 and having them pass around the turnover six times during the year would finance the production of $6 thousands' worth of goods and pay $6,000 in wages, salaries and profits.

We can see from this that by using $1,000 six times during the year to finance the production of goods and pay wages, salaries and profits we increase their financing powers sixfold and that accomplishes the same result as using $6,000 once only. Using our entire $350,000,000 six times during the year would increase their financing powers sixfold which would have the same result as increasing the amount of money in existence to $2 billions and using them once only during the year.

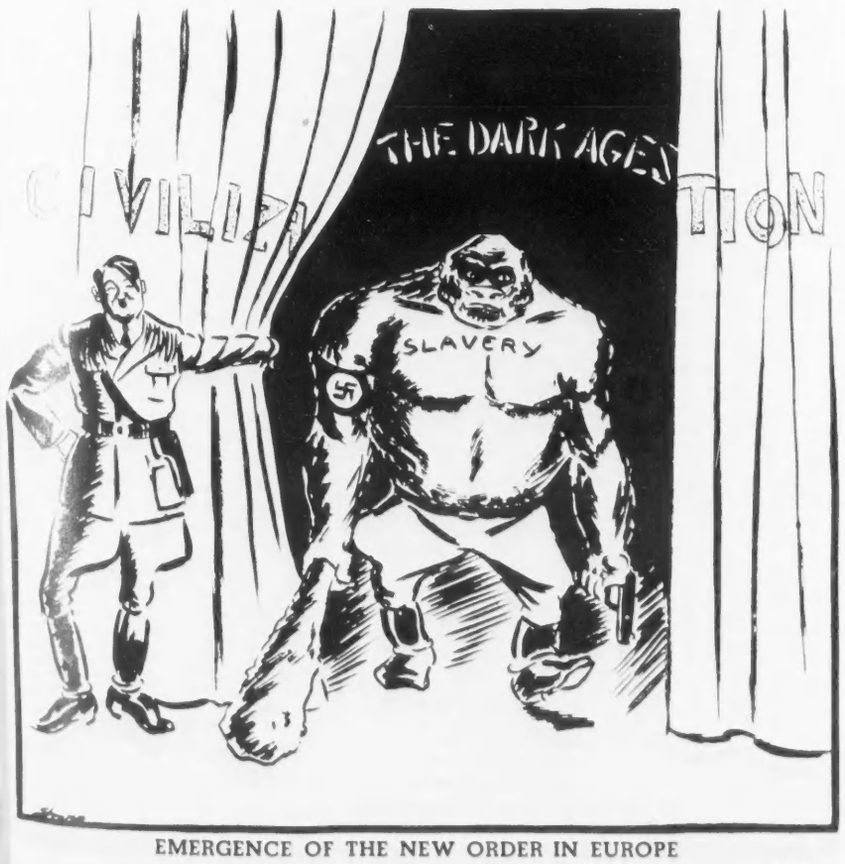
We may be inclined to ridicule the theory that using $350,000,000 six times during the year would be as satisfactory as increasing the issue of money to $2 billions. The Monthly Letter of the Canadian Bank of Commerce issued in March, 1933, stated, in part, as follows:

"The world requires not so much new money, as more work for its present stock; if the velocity, or turnover, of money which has been slowed down by forces outside its sphere, could be increased to a normal rate there would be no need for this or any other discussion of inflation."

As it would appear that the increase in the national income that is so earnestly desired during the fiscal year 1941-42 would be more satisfactorily accomplished not by an increase in the issue of money but by putting our money through the turnover a greater number of times and using it a greater number of times to pay wages, salaries and profits, we will want to know how we can make our money perform more work.

The June, 1939, Survey of the National City Bank of New York made the following statement: ". . . . the present problem is still to get money to work."

What must be done 'to get money to work'? Money was created to finance the production and distribution of goods and services and the way 'to get money to work' is by investing it in production and spending it on distribution. No particular problem is involved in getting money to work. The problem arises when we endeavor to make the $350,000,000 of money we have in existence pay a total of $6 billions in wages, salaries and profits. To enable our money do this we must increase its financing powers by putting it through the turnover a number of times during the year.



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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

ST. LAWRENCE PAPER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some preferred shares of the St. Lawrence Paper Mills Co., Ltd., and would appreciate having your advice regarding holding or selling. I notice there are no common shares quoted on the stock exchange lists; does this mean that the preferred shares are the only securities outstanding?

W. N. S., New Westminster, B.C.

I think the preferred stock of St. Lawrence Paper Mills is well worth holding, in view of the current satisfactory yield (5.9 per cent at a price of 34), the fact that earnings are running well above present annual dividend requirements, and the existence of accumulated dividend arrears amounting to $58.75 on July 15, 1941. In its last fiscal year ending December 31, 1940, earnings per share of preferred were $4.14 as compared with $0.44 in 1939, and my understanding is that this improved position has been maintained thus far in 1941. In the first six months of this year, the company is understood to have had a small decline in operating revenue due to a falling off in exports of newsprint to Great Britain, Australia and some other countries. But against this, the company had an increase in exports to some South American countries. While these two factors will, apparently, largely offset each other, the company's tax payments will be up about 5 per cent in 1941 over 1940 and net profits will be affected to this extent.

Besides the preferred shares (6 per cent cumulative, $100 par, on which the company is now paying at the rate of $2 per share annually), there are 514,675 common shares outstanding, of which 509,894 are owned by St. Lawrence Corporation, Ltd. Also outstanding on December 31 last was a secured bank loan for $540,700. The company has first mortgage bonds in the hands of banks as security for loans, but none in the hands of the public.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

WAR TRENDS GOVERN MARKET

Since September 1939 American stock prices have been largely under the influence, not of earnings, or of credit, as is usually the case, but of the fortunes of war as viewed from the Anglo-Saxon standpoint. That is, when Britain's chances have seemed low, prices have receded; when improving, prices have advanced.

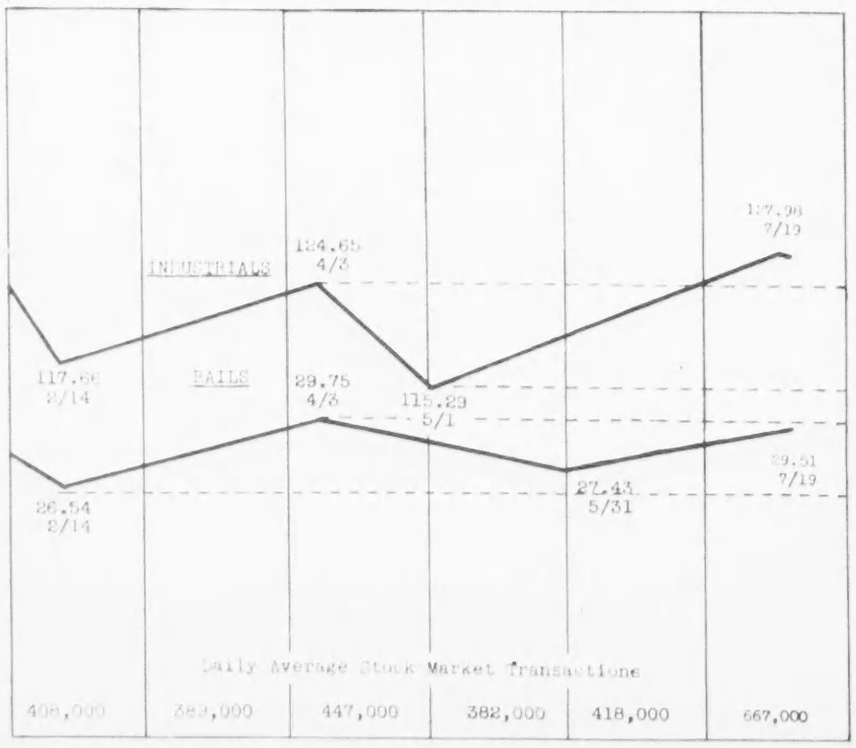
Thus, the slow decline from September, 1939 to April, 1940 acknowledged the outbreak of war and Britain's lack of readiness for it, but assumed that the Maginot line and the French armies would stand, temporarily, in the breach. The panic break of May 1940 recognized Germany's military superiority in Western Europe. The June/November 1940 recovery came with successful evacuation of the British armies from the Continent and the British repulse of the attempted Luftwaffe invasion of Great Britain. There followed decline from November 1940 into May 1941 as Germany extended her control over Southeastern Europe.

RUSSIAN BATTLE IS INFLUENCE

Market strength since early June reflects British occupation of Abyssinia, thereby cutting off one avenue of the proposed Axis **pincer** movement against Egypt; British free French successes in Syria; and outbreak of war between Germany and Russia. Of these developments the Russo-German situation holds the greatest potentialities. Such market buoyancy has been witnessed to date over the affair reflects, not any conviction that Russia can withstand Germany for long, but rather, the knowledge that German losses of supplies, because of the campaign, plus the interruption in her time-table, will probably preclude an attack on the British Isles this year.

Any evidence that Germany was failing in her Russian objective could furnish fuel for further market recovery. Pending such evidence; or technical strength within the market structure itself, such as would be disclosed by an early close in the Dow-Jones rail average at or above 30.76, assurance is lacking that a substantial move is being initiated. That is, while the market, in our opinion, has been in a broad accumulation area since February, there is yet no indication that such area, with its forward and backward price churning, is yet ended.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 218

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1941 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Friday, 1st August next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th June 1941. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT
General Manager

Toronto, 20th June 1941

The Royal Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 216

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent (being at the rate of eight per cent per annum) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the second day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of July, 1941.

By order of the Board.

S. G. DOBSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, Que., July 15, 1941

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

Dividend No. 31

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 5% on the paid-up capital stock of the Company has been declared for the year ending July 31, 1941.

The Dividend will be payable on the first day of August, 1941, to shareholders of record of the 25th day of July, 1941.

By order of the Board.

CHAS. C. JACKSON
Secretary.

Winnipeg, Man., July 9, 1941.

GOLD & DROSS

PROVINCIAL TRANSPORT

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Kindly give me your valued opinion of the stock of the Provincial Transport Company as a purchase now for future growth. I have been advised that the company is doing exceptional business.

A. L. Y., Westmount, Que.

Provincial Transport stock appears to me to be a reasonable purchase for income and the possibility of some small market appreciation, but I do not think you are likely to see any remarkable growth in either respect. It is true, I am informed, that the company is this year experiencing a continuance of the sharp expansion in mileage operated and passengers carried which featured last year's operations, but against this there is an upward trend in costs and taxes (the latter including the 10 per cent Federal tax on tickets which came into effect May 1 last) which is tending to restrict earnings. In 1940 the company earned 56 cents per share of capital stock, compared with 62 cents in 1939 and 83 cents in 1938. The present annual dividend of 40 cents per share was thus covered in 1940 by a satisfactory margin, but there seems to be no reason for extravagant hopes. For Provincial Transport as for so many other companies, a large volume of business does not in these times necessarily mean large profits.

The company has no preferred stock or bonds outstanding, but there is a $160,000 mortgage payable. The financial position is good, with current assets of $591,445 against current liabilities of $333,050 as of December 31, 1940, and profit and loss surplus of $447,039.

ALBANY RIVER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly advise me re purchase of Albany River stock as a speculation. I note it has had some sort of a reorganization, and I know that Pickle Crow controls it. These things appeal to me, but they may not be enough. What about the penny stocks?

H. E., St. Thomas, Ont.

Albany River Gold Mines is inactive at present, although Pickle Crow plans to resume exploration of the property as part of its program of eastward development of its north porphyry contact. While some ore discoveries have been made since Pickle Crow took over the management, they fingered out to low values in subsequent development, but I understand Pickle Crow officials are rather optimistic as to the prospects. The shares are speculative and you might get quicker action in some other of the "penny" stocks.

Recent developments have added attraction to the possibilities for Golden Gate, which is already in production, and selling under ten cents a share. While I cannot assure you that present success will continue on deeper horizons, the outlook is interesting. Arntfield is another stock selling under ten cents for which the prospects of developments on two new levels are considered quite encouraging.

STANDARD CHEMICAL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

About four years ago I bought a small block of shares of Standard Chemical Company, Ltd., at 14½, and right afterwards the price declined and has never got back to what I paid. For quite a while there was no dividend, but lately there have been occasional payments, and I am wondering what is best to do about this stock—if it is worth holding onto. I had been thinking of selling. I shall welcome your reliable advice.

D. B. C., Winnipeg, Man.

While the past record of Standard Chemical shares, in respect of dividends and market value, has not been particularly encouraging, there are signs that the company is definitely doing better under wartime conditions, and my belief is that the shares are currently worth more than they are now quoted at (10 bid, 12½ asked) and should therefore be held. As evidence of this there is the fact that the current quotation on the shares places a valuation of approximately $410,000 on the total equity, which figure compares with a net working capital, as of March 31 last, of $998,119, equal to $27 for each share of the capital stock.

For the fiscal year ended March 31, 1941, the company's total income, before charges, was the largest of any year since 1929, and even after sharply higher charges for depreciation, income taxes, and protection against the probable post-war decline in inventory values, net was equal to $1.47 per share as compared with $1.54 per share the previous year and an average for the last five years of $1.41 per share. The company should do still better in the current fiscal year, in view of the fact that it is now engaged in producing a very important war commodity, deliveries of which to the Government commenced on April 1 last.

A dividend of 50 cents per share was paid in July 1939, which was the first payment since 1932. In 1940 there were two payments totalling $1.25 per share, and in 1941 to date there have similarly been two payments totalling this amount. In respect to the five-year earning average, the stock is presently selling at a ratio of 8 to 1, and on the basis of an annual dividend of $1.25 per share is yielding 11 per cent.

Alfred Duff Cooper, former British Minister of Information, who has been ordered to the Far East to coordinate activities there. He will make his headquarters at Singapore.

NABCO MANGANESE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am holding shares in the Nabco Manganese Mining Co., Ltd., which is offering additional shares to the registered shareholders at a price of $2.00 a share. Will you kindly advise me as to the future prospects of this company?

—M. L., Vancouver, B.C.

The prospects for Nabco Manganese Mining Co. appear interesting. As you perhaps know, no market exists for the shares at present and it likely means holding until the commercial possibilities have been determined. The company has two properties in New Brunswick, and first work is being concentrated on the Gowan Mountain group in which interesting manganese showings were reported as disclosed in previous work.

It was recently stated that the tunnel which was driven at the 100-foot horizon to develop a high grade manganese vein opened on the top of the mountain, had cut the vein at 400 feet from the portal, where a six-foot width of massive ore was encountered, plus an undetermined average width of disseminated material. At the present time a shipment of the disseminated ore is being tested at Ottawa, with a view to planning the flow sheet for a mill. The company is reported to have completed marketing arrangements for concentrates and raw high grade ore.

In recent years no manganese deposits of commercial size and uniform grade have been uncovered in Canada. Some was produced back in the '80's, chiefly from Nova Scotia. Manganese is probably the most important element in adding peculiar and particular values to steel. Higher grades are used in the manufacture of dry batteries. It now remains to be seen how successful the company will be in a commercial way.

Brendan Bracken, who succeeds Alfred Duff Cooper as Minister of Information. Long an intimate of Prime Minister Churchill, Bracken has been called Britain's "No. 1 holder of secrets". He has had experience on financial papers to fit him for what has been called Britain's toughest and most thankless Cabinet position.

Richard A. Butler, who becomes Minister of Education in the latest shake-up of the British Cabinet.

Canada Bread Company Limited

Mortgage Deed of Trust dated August 1st, 1911, to secure an issue of $1,250,000.00 Six Per Cent. Thirty Year First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds payable August 1st, 1941.

Notice is hereby given that all Outstanding Bonds and unpaid Coupons of the above issue will be paid upon presentation at any branch in Canada of The Dominion Bank on August 1st, 1941.

Dated at Toronto, this 17th day of July, 1941.

W. S. ANTLIFF,
Secretary-Treasurer.

CANADA BREAD COMPLETES BOND REDEMPTION AUG. 1

"No recourse to public financing," states Carlisle

"Canada Bread 6% bonds issued in June, 1911, will be completely retired August 1, 1941 without recourse to public financing," C. H. Carlisle, President of Canada Bread Company Limited since 1933 stated today. According to W. S. Antliff, Secretary-Treasurer of the Company, bonded indebtedness at the time Mr. Carlisle became president was $987,300. Redemption on August 1, which is the maturity date, will be made on a balance of $528,700 outstanding.

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THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
BRANCH OFFICES:
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211A EIGHTH AVE. W. . . . . CALGARY, ALBERTA
McCALLUM HILL BLDG. . . . . REGINA, SASK.
411 AVENUE BUILDING . . . . SASKATOON, SASK.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

GOLD production from the mines of Ontario during the six months ended June 30 amounted to approximately $61,000,000, according to preliminary estimates prepared for SATURDAY NIGHT. The output was a little more than $1,000,000 above that reported for the first half of the preceding year. The various milling plants operated at greater capacity than ever before on record, handling approximately 6,200,000 tons of ore.

Grade of ore coming from Ontario gold mines has been declining during the past year. The reduction in grade during the first half of 1941 was almost ten per cent as compared with the first half of 1940.

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The C.I.O. union at Kirkland Lake appears to be following "Mein Kampf" as a textbook. Ask for small things at the beginning, possibly not important enough to fight about. In the first instance at Kirkland Lake, possibly nothing more than "recognition" of the C.I.O. as the bargaining agency, and then "no more demands."

•

In the little matter of recognition of the C.I.O. under a so-called "master working agreement," every man employed in the mines would be bludgeoned into joining the organization. With membership fees fixed at the "reasonable" rate of $12 a year, the agitators behind the movement would find themselves with annual receipts of some $350,000.

•

If the government at Ottawa should supinely follow the path of appeasement, it would not be difficult to foresee the mining companies bending to the will of the C.I.O., first through the initial recognition, and in due time to succeeding "last demand" ultimatums which, in the aggregate, would add up to the chaos and the sabotage which has followed in the wake of C.I.O. organization throughout the United States.

•

The price of copper and zinc is confronted with an upward swing in the United States. The rise in price appears to be inevitable. About the only two things remaining to be announced are first, the date, and second, whether the increase will apply to all production or whether it may be limited to lower grade mines that may be thus enabled to draw upon large deposits of ore too low in grade to be economically worked under the fixed low price which now prevails. A price of 14 cents per pound is mooted, while a 16 cent level is not ruled out. One fact appears to be clear, namely, that under the prevailing price of 12 cents the limit of economical production has been reached, and the output is not adequate for all current demands.

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Powell Rouyn Gold Mines produced $341,573 during the quarter ended June 30, and reported an operating profit of $84,804.

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Revised records show the gold output of Canada for 1940 was 5,302,920 ounces while that of continental United States was 4,823,672 ounces. This was a new high record for both countries. The output of gold from the United States, including the Philippine Islands, was 6,003,105 ounces.

•

The province of Ontario continues to be Canada's chief source of gold production. The output of gold from this province amounts to approximately 60 per cent of the total coming from the entire dominion.

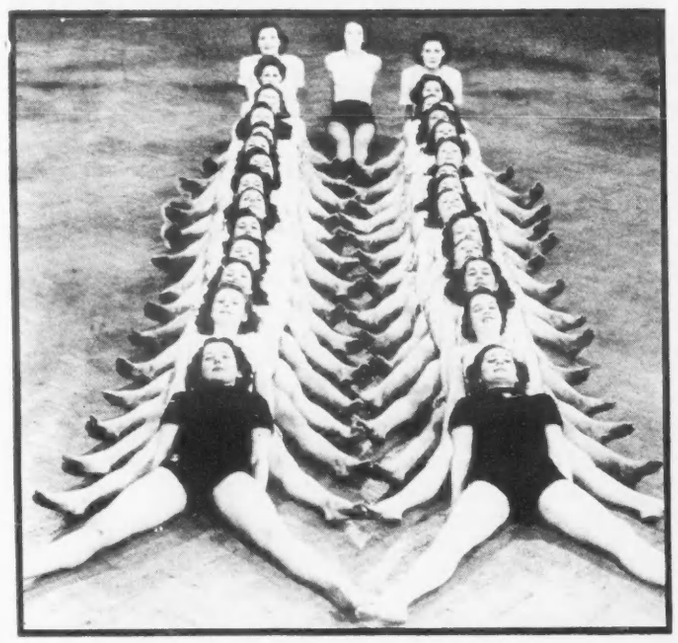
•

Hard Rock Gold Mines will extend its No. 2 shaft from a present depth of 475 ft. to 1500 ft. in depth. This will open the way to six new levels at intervals of 150 ft. Pilot work by diamond drilling has indicated continuity of ore at depth.

•

Canada's copper production, like that of the United States, is geared to a price not exceeding 12 cents per pound. Ottawa has put on a poor display with seeming absence of action calculated to inspire new mining enterprise. Voices of authority continue to lean upon tired old fogies to the serious exclusion of younger men of vim and vigor more youthful and less tired men who would get the copper if they could at 12 cents per pound, but, failing to get what they wanted at a given price, would get the metal nevertheless at any price. The outcome of the war will not depend upon the price of metal being low, but it may well rest upon whether the quantity of available metal is adequate, or not.

PEOPLE *make news*



In Britain it is more important than ever to keep in good health, and the League of Health and Beauty is increasing its membership by leaps and bounds. These girls in the Portsmouth branch are all busy in some sort of war work, but in their spare time they gather for games, rhythmic exercises and ordinary gym work.

M. Maisky, Russian Ambassador to Britain, is seen here with Lt.-General Golikoff (in the white coat) and Rear Admiral Kharlamoff (in white cap) and other members of the Russian military mission on their arrival in London. Crowds gathered to greet them.

Viscount Nuffield, became a Knight Grand Cross in the recent Birthday Honours. He has put his factories at disposal of the government, for armament production.

Mr. Ernest Brown, British Minister of Health, is seen here with two years old Kathleen Gibbons, one of the millions of children who come under the care of his department. Reports speak of great improvements in Britain's health.

Air Commodore Huskinson, M.C., Director of Armament Development, is the man responsible for the improvement of all kinds of armament used by R. A. F.

Noel Coward, who has been in France, Australia, and the U.S. in his one-man Aid To Britain tour, is now back in London. Here he is selling curios to raise money for war funds. He is seen holding a pair of stockings worn by Queen Victoria as a girl.

The ever popular Winston Churchill receives a rare tribute during his visit to Liverpool. As he drove through the streets a woman thrust an onion into his car. Onions are almost unobtainable in Britain now and the presentation meant more than orchids. Formerly imported, onions are being grown in England.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Why People Drop Life Policies

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Heavy wastage of life insurance takes place every year through the lapse and surrender of policies, most of which were taken out in the first place to fill some definite need for protection on the part of the individual policyholders.

While much of this wastage may be attributed to faulty selling methods and faulty methods of remuneration of the sales forces, there is undoubtedly a large part for which neither the companies nor their representatives can be held responsible.

HAVING done a wise thing in taking out life insurance for the protection of their dependents and themselves, why do policyholders then lapse and surrender their contracts before maturity and so fail to obtain full value for the money paid in?

Last year, for example, while the amount of new life insurance effected in Canada with Dominion registered companies was $590,205,536, the amount lapsed was $144,203,784, or 23.95 per cent of the gross new business effected, and the amount surrendered was $199,247,539, or 33.08 per cent of the gross new business effected. Lapsed and surrendered business combined totalled $343,451,323, or 57.03 per cent of the new business. The death claims paid during the year amounted to $49,055,804.

Although the life insurance companies are devoting more effort than ever before to the conservation of the business after it has been placed on the books, and have effected a considerable reduction in the lapse and surrender rates in recent years, it is none the less a fact that the methods of remunerating their sales representatives in many cases still place altogether too much emphasis on the securing of volume of new business, the big cash rewards, medals and convention jaunts going to the agents who produce the biggest rather than the best business.

Serious Problem

It is altogether likely that in time all companies will consider the retention of the existing business on their books against lapse and surrender as important as the writing of a large volume of new business. But under the prevailing system of remunerating agents, it is not surprising that heavy lapse and surrender rates should develop, thus producing one of the most serious problems facing the business today.

These heavy lapse and surrender rates have brought forth pungent criticism of the life insurance companies from time to time. They have been charged with exercising confiscatory powers in taking in millions of dollars every year from their policyholders in lapsed and surrendered policies. There is not the slightest foundation for such a charge, however, because of the inclusion in all policies now issued of the automatic non-forfeiture provision. After a policy has been in force for two or three years, as the case may be, it is automatically kept in force by way of automatic premium loan or automatic extended term insurance as long as there is any cash value left in the policy.

Heavy Losers

Thus a policyholder does not suffer the loss of any value in his policy even should he be unaware of this non-forfeiture provision, as it goes into effect automatically and keeps the policy in force until all value in it is exhausted. While there is therefore no truth in the charge that the life insurance companies are engaged in the practice of confiscating anything from their policyholders in connection with lapsed policies, there is no doubt that the lapse evil is a serious blot on the business at the present time. Unless a remedy is found and applied from inside the business, more regulation from the outside must be expected.

It has been pointed out before that so long as the existing high rate of premature discontinuance of policies is permitted to continue, the life insurance business will be falling short in the performance of its full duty to the insurance-buying public. Both policyholders and companies are heavy losers by the lapsing of policies. The only persons who are in a position to come out ahead are those insurance agents who receive a very large first year commission on the business they write with little or no interest in the renewal premiums, and who have therefore practically no incentive to see that the business they write is kept in force beyond the first year.

Some system of agency compensation is required which will provide the agent with as strong an inducement to maintain business on the books as he now has to place it there in the first instance. Everything now seems to be in favor of the agent who gets the business, and not of the one who holds the business.

While much of the lapsation undoubtedly is a result of the insurance not being properly sold in the first place to fit the policyholder's needs and his paying capacity, or because there is little or no effort made by the agent to keep it in force after the first year, there is a considerable volume of lapsed and surrendered business for which neither the companies nor the agents can in any way be held responsible.

According to a recent survey made by one of the large life companies, lost jobs and income cuts account for one out of every four discontinuances at the present time, even with the war-industries boom in progress. The heavy increase in expenses which result from illness and accidents was found to account for eleven per cent of these terminations.

Individual Depressions

While the number of discontinued policies increases steadily in depression periods and shrinks in times of economic recovery, there are personal financial setbacks—individual depressions occurring continuously, and these are the direct cause of heavy terminations. Many families have optimistically assumed a load of instalment obligations which makes them very vulnerable, so that any unexpected strain upsets the family finances. In such cases, it was found that insurance and savings are often thrown overboard in order to retain luxuries.

Of a thousand policyholders who dropped their policies during the first half of last year, financial difficulties brought about by loss of jobs or reduction in earnings were found to be the cause in 689 cases. Most of the income reductions reported were larger than ten per cent, thus wiping out the standard budget margin for savings. In the case of another 14 lapsed policyholders, they had "gone broke" in business and had lost their businesses altogether, while in the case of another 22, their businesses were operating at a loss. Another 46 had accumulated heavy loans of debt, and 10 farmers lapsed because of poor crops or low market prices.

Of the 1000 lapsed policyholders, 224 were found to be burdened with instalments on other purchases at the time they lapsed their insurance; of these, 94 were paying instalments on automobiles. About two-thirds of the lapsed policyholders had automobiles. The lapsed policies were found to average $2,273.83 each in face amount, running much the same as the average amount of the company's policies

SUMMER and GOLF..

Very few golfers have escaped strained or wrenched ligaments. Then too, there's always the danger of being hit by the dub's ball.

When you own a Mutual Benefit All-Expense accident policy and suffer even the slightest disabling injury (on the golf course or anywhere) you may collect monthly benefits and provision for medical attention. Premiums are low for the benefits offered."

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MUTUAL BENEFIT HEALTH AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA TORONTO
34 KING STREET, EAST

in force, $2,481.59. In the case of more than half of the lapsed policies, the beneficiaries were the wife or wife and children of the insured; in the remainder of the cases other relatives, business partners, banks, note holders, etc., were the beneficiaries. These proportions are about the same as among the whole body of policies in force with the company.

Inquiries

Editor, about Insurance:

Recently in my garage the question was brought up about who would be liable in case cars left at a garage for repairs were burnt up.

In short, if my garage burns down do I have to pay the owners of any uninsured cars that may be destroyed in the fire?

In case the garage owner is liable there is probably insurance obtainable to cover the risk so perhaps you could give me some information on this matter which I should appreciate very much.

S. C. I., Chester, N.S.

In the case of damage or destruction of a car by fire or otherwise while in a garage for repairs, the liability of the garage owner would depend upon the circumstances under which the loss or damage occurred, but it is a well-established rule of law that a person is responsible for damage to the property of others if such damage occurs as a result of his negligence. That is why it is unusually advisable for a person in the garage business to carry insurance which protects him against loss arising out of his legal liability to third parties, and which relieves him of the expense of defending suits alleging such liability, even though such suits be groundless or false.

What is called a Garage Keeper's Legal Liability Policy covers the legal liability of a garage keeper for damage to the property of others while under his care. Where the maximum specified number of cars belonging to others stored on the premises is 10 or under, the tariff rate for cover against fire and explosion damage is $25; for cover against fire, explosion and theft, $40; for cover against collision, with $50 deductible, $45; and for cover against collision, with $100 deductible, $30. The limit of maximum liability in each case is $5,000. For a larger number of cars stored and larger limits of liability, the rates are graded upward.

A radiophoto of a Russian soldier taken prisoner in the fighting on the Eastern front. With heavy fighting screened by conflicting reports from rival headquarters, the Russo-German War had, early this week, developed into a battle of propagandists, with the Russians holding a slight edge. One Russian communique told of 35 German soldiers who surrendered as one man, saying: "We are dead tired. The remains of our strength are going. Many German soldiers wish to escape the clutches of the Hitlerite war machine to save their lives. . . . . "

Britain Needs Labor Regimentation

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

IN A general sense the economists are no doubt right in assuming that Great Britain has already reached what amounts to a state of full employment. The error is in thinking that that is all there is to it. A nation which had half its man- and woman-power idle might still, if the other half were intelligently and intensively employed, be better organized as a war economy than a nation with all its labor force at work, but at work incoherently, without pattern or plan or intensity. Can we, in Great Britain, assume that all that can be done in the labor context *is* done when we have no unemployment figures to show?

The whole question of the mobilization of labor and its right use has been much in the air. The Ministry of Labor has been augmented by Sir William Beveridge so that wider and more appropriate plans can be made. Wherein lies the fault in our mobilization of human force and human brain?

Firstly, it is necessary to consider that total war leaves no room for wasting labor on non-essential production, and the difficulty of deciding what is and what is not essential, though it undoubtedly exists, has been greatly overrated. It is surely not insuperably difficult to fix a minimum standard of living for the population, and to set aside from direct war work only such operatives as are necessary to sustain it.

And this involves, apart from questions of training and moving labor, the very big question of wages. It is easy to say, as has been said, that the worker in the arms factory should get no more than the private soldier in the field or the sailor guarding the high seas, or the airman patrolling the skies. But the factory worker can answer that the stockbroker continues to receive more, and the train-driver continues to receive more. Obviously, if there is to be a distinction drawn, it must be drawn between the Armed Forces in general and the rest of the community in general. How would it be if arms workers were reduced to the King's Shilling, and no adjustment made for the thousands of other workers, who escaped financial sacrifice precisely because they were doing no job of vital importance?

This wages question is not just a by-product of the total labor problem. It is the heart and reflection of the total problem. For such a brain as Sir William Beveridge's could certainly plan and execute a really totalitarian plan for employment if there were no obstacle of wages, if there were no Trade Union questions, if there were nothing left of the voluntary system of service.

But if this difficulty is easy to see it is no less plain that something must be done and done quickly. Britain is faced with an enemy whose labor force is extracted not only from his own territory, though that is much larger than ours, but from a whole Continent, and he has no difficulties to face such as we face who are acquainted with the principles of freedom. And the War has been going on for nearly two years and we must get ready for decisive action.

Already, the Government has asserted its recognition of the absolute need to regiment the whole available labor force, and to let no obstacle stand in the way. It must now be shown that that was not merely lip service. We have a category of needs and we have our priority lists. We ration many things so that only essentials shall be brought into the country. We have allocated specific jobs to the main part of our total productive capacity. It is ironic more, it is tragic that we have not had the elementary sense to see that these things cannot have more than a tenth of their value unless they are accompanied by their obvious partner, a full plan for labor.

The time to have acted was long ago. The time when it is vitally urgent to act is now. We must have done with appeals. We must have done with stupid argument about relative sacrifice (does not war always impose inequitably upon a people?) We must have no more time wasted, when we are fighting for our lives, on maudlin gossip about not losing any liberties. It is better to lose every shred of liberty, but to survive, than to clog our effort with vague imaginings about freedom and to lose the war. A nation can restore its liberties; it will be only with God's blessing that any nation which loses its life to Hitler in this war will ever regain it.

One thing which must be done immediately is to ration the Forces. There is no need to go over the old argument about manpower and machine-power in this war. Surely the lesson has been driven home by now. The Air Force must have all the men it wants; the Navy and the Merchant Fleet must be fully satisfied. But should we go on enrolling into the enforced idleness of the Army men (and women) who could be trained for industry? Are we right to keep in the Army men who could be trained for building ships?

Orthodoxy came near to losing this war for the Democracies. Let us not be afraid of unorthodoxy now. It may be orthodox to suppose that the proper way to use manpower in war is to put a gun in its hand and stand it in serried ranks. Then let us be unorthodox. Let the Ministry of Labor make it plain that at this stage it is as real a War Ministry as the War Office. Let us have the ships and the tanks and the guns (and, too, such exports as we can). An army half the size of the one we now have at home would be more effective if it had double the arms.

Prime Minister Eamon de Valera of Eire who has kept his country resolutely neutral in this War despite British pleas and American pressure to grant British naval bases in his country. Such bases would greatly aid both Britain and the United States to quell the U-boat menace and would be decisive factors in winning the Battle of the Atlantic.

FIRE INSURANCE WITH Dividends YEAR AFTER YEAR

Under the Northwestern Mutual plan, dividends paid policyholders in 1940 totalled $1,463,589. Since organization over $27,900,000 has been returned to policyholders.

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Twichbourne Experiments With Funny Money

BY MARY McNULTY FIX

In this modern parable of a Canadian rural community Mary McNulty Fix shows what happens when currency is inflated. Her explanation is in simple terms, but the meaning is as clear as if this were a treatise in abstruse economic terms.

NEWS ITEM: July 31, 1945. An anthropological expedition digging for Indian relics today accidentally uncovered Twichbourne County, Ontario, which disappeared from view under a storm of paper money away back in 1941. First, there emerged an elderly spinster, Miss Aggie McLeod, laden with suitcases stuffed with gold pieces and honest to goodness Canadian dollars. She promptly bought an old auto from the party and rattled off toward Bay Street, Toronto. Mr. Ebenezer Hogswell, who will be remembered (perhaps) as the 1941 Reeve of Twichbourne, staggered out, woe-begone, to stare vacantly at the departing car. A white-faced, ragged factory worker followed. Wolfing the food offered by his rescuers, he told the sensational story of Twichbourne's monetary experiment and financial burial."

Some of you may recall that in 1941 there was considerable inflation talk. Some argued in favor of a "controlled inflation." Others, like Dr. James, Principal of McGill University, pointed warningly to Germany's 1921-1923 inflation experiment when the mark became "the laughing stock of the world." "Inflation," said Dr. James, "is like opium and leaves a train of despair." A basket of inflated money stands on the writer's desk. Momentary delusions of wealth may be induced by running it through the fingers but, inevitably, there follows a bleak realization of "things that are."

Here's Twichbourne's story: Early in 1941 Ebenezer Hogswell came back from Ottawa where he had been cooling his heels in countless waiting-rooms trying to land war orders. Mr. Hogswell had long been an M.P. for Twichbourne County. The planks in his platform were flimsy and few but they had served as a life raft to date. He had travelled persistently from one end of the country to the other trying to spread his pet theories on money. Political and financial higher-ups laughed him to scorn but he proved a good drawing card in less prosperous gatherings. For years he had been pooh-poohing a currency based on a gold standard and advocating one based on what he termed "the total assets of the nation." This seemed to include everything visible to the naked eye and many less tangible things such as the sterling character of the citizens. Now it happens that though the big boys in Ottawa and elsewhere ignored little Hogswell, the man got around and so did his ideas.

Mr. Hogswell was not only Reeve of Twichbourne but owned practically all Twichbourne's industries. He called a council meeting of his "Yes-men" and eloquently advocated inflation. "Twichbourne," he said, "could become Canada's most prosperous community and could proceed with the war effort on a stupendous scale." He admitted regretfully that "it would be necessary to secede from the rest of the slow-motion Dominion in order to carry out this vigorous plan."

Queried as to the effect of secession on British relations, Mr. Hogswell gave a pained glance at the questioner. "Why, man," he said. "On every freight the unemployed will roll into this country to work at princely salaries. Out of our factories will roll a flood of tanks and planes such as petty, pottering politicians have never visualized. Britain will be amazed and delighted. The money won't cost us anything. We'll print our own. We've got the goods in Twichbourne to back any currency we want . . . who says we haven't?" When he added that "the present Capital of Canada will pale into insignificance compared to Twichberg, this rosy forecast for the County town clinched the matter and brought down the house.

Inflation was adopted with roars of approval. Practical preliminaries were then explained. Gold coin and ordinary Canadian dollars were to become obsolete as currency in Twichbourne County within a fortnight and must be turned in. Ten brand new Twichbourne dollars would be handed out in exchange for each of the discards which would be held in a vault in Mr. Hogswell's main factory. These could be purchased from time to time by citizens establishing a real need for trifling necessities not produced in the County but little call for outside articles was anticipated as Twichbourne's resources were painted as gloriously adequate.

The townspeople turned in their money like quiet sheep. That is, all did except the spinster, Aggie McLeod. Aggie's house adjoined the factory with which it was connected by a tunnel for, it was said, Aggie owned a goodly share of the factory too. She was in the habit of spending much time underground, allegedly gloating over her stocks and bonds. Reared in a bleak part of Scotland, the rudiments of finance were instilled into her singularly receptive mind by her Uncle Angus. She had an unholy respect for good money. No gold brick salesman ever charmed a nickel out of Aggie's pocket so the prospect of "ten to one" for her money seemed highly suspicious. "There's a trick in it," she thought, "and if there is, I'll be out of it. If there isn't I can get in later on at twenty to one." So Aggie buried her cash.

When inflation got under way it became apparent that some rascally speculator had recently picked up all choice real estate. Careful souls sold out and rubbed gleeful hands. They thought they had received twice as much as they had ever hoped to get. It took ages for them to realize that they had got just one fifth of the original value. Those who could not afford lawyers and accountants to figure out the new values in inflated dollars went either to the poor house or the County asylum.

Saturday night brought the first violent incident. A mild little man who had come from Europe in 1925 set off with the wife and kids to do the Sunday shopping. Two hundred dollars of Twichbourne's new money rustled in his jeans. Ten ice-cream sodas were downed. A ten dollar bill was proffered. There was no change. A hearty push followed an argument and a dazed little man found himself outside. The "Missus" had figured on celebrating the fat pay cheque with a chicken dinner. Two birds, she thought, would do the trick. Three dollars was ready in her hand. The butcher wrapped the parcel. "Thirty dollars," he said. "I ought to ask more what with sitting up all night figuring out the new prices!" The little man set the chickens down. A tear glistened in his eye as the kids began to howl. Inflation had caught up with him again!

During the ensuing week factory workers got sullen when they found that merchants had boosted prices ten times as high as normal. They struck for a raise. Hogswell met their demands for, after all, a raise only meant running the presses faster. The merchants worked harder than ever keeping prices ahead of the presses. The workers struck again, demanding to be paid daily in order to get something for their money before values changed. Hogswell gave in but the merchants' brains were now functioning like multiplying machines.

One bright morning the printing press operator rushed to Hogswell, white and shaken. From the top floor of the building he could see workers gathering with battering rams and stones. Hogswell, cool in emergencies, said "Back to the press—let money float down till they have enough to stop them!" Soon the workers were knee-deep. They paused but just then something went wrong with the press which started on a wild career of its own. With a screech of terror, the operator tore down into the basement followed by Mr. Hogswell. The presses roared and clattered running off millions, billions, trillions. Hogswell's brain reeled. Something snapped in his head as the press got to cracking off quadrillions.

A few brawny workers managed to tunnel through the paper storm into the basement. Gradually, they brought in the rest. A committee of Ways and Means was set up. It was foredoomed never to function.

With an ear-shattering clang an iron gate slid back. Aggie McLeod appeared at her tunnel entrance. As she peered through the heavy grille, the cryptic expression in her eye boded no good. Silently, she switched on an underground lighting system and revealed what she had quietly been doing up and doing down all these months. Vast stores of every imaginable fruit, vegetables, meat and fish were there. Tons of butter, sugar and spices were ranged upon her shelves. Workers begged for food but Aggie's eye was cold. "None of your rubber dollars!" she said, "I want real money!" Hogswell's keys were taken from him as he whimpered childishly and the workers confiscated all the gold and old Canadian dollars from his private vault. By the time Aggie's cupboards were bare, she had cornered all the cash and Twichbourne emerged sadder, hungrier and wiser than it had been before.

The Twichbourne funny money was very like this pretty piece.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Playing Fields of Halifax and Points West

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THE latest war casualties to be reported along the sports front are the Hamilton Tigers of the Interprovincial Rugby Football Union. The Tigers were not killed in action. They were killed without any action at all. They, like Calgary Bronks of the Western union before them, appear to have been victims of the galloping jitters and the timorous pocketbook. These secret weapons were not invented by Hitler but for him, and unless an antidote is discovered within a reasonable length of time they bid fair to wipe out sports entirely in one vast holocaust. It is to be fervently hoped that they do not spread to the armed forces.

The reasons given by the Tigers for their unexpected and inglorious retreat are that six men have left them to go on active service and that some of the others are working pretty hard at various war industries. There being apparently only twelve men in Hamilton willing and able to play rugby, this obviously necessitated the team's dropping out. The Calgary story is pretty much the same, though the long train rides called for in the West are a factor not found in the East.

The more cynical take all this with a grain and a half of salt. The last few years have been pretty plump ones for rugby clubs and unions. People attended the games in droves and left neat piles of folding money behind them. The players, the clubs, the local unions, and the C.R.U. took a sudden interest in stocks and bonds, real estate and first mortgages.

The war started, but it was a long way away and the Reichswehr didn't play rugby anyhow. The war could be ignored. It was.

LAST Fall, however, a stray bomb burst. Someone suggested that an East-West final be held, with the profits going to the Sports Service League instead of into Canadian Pacific Three-and-a-Halfs. This was treason. Furthermore it was a dangerous precedent. The C.R.U. dug deep into its fat little pocketbook and produced a small slip of paper which had been signed and witnessed at its last meeting to the effect that the West had been naughty and couldn't play the East, not even for the Sports Service League. The C.R.U. had a better idea: the East would play the East for the Dominion Championship, with the receipts from the first four rows in Section E going to the Red Cross.

The C.R.U. shook hands with itself. That one had been close!

It had been too close. It had given subversive ideas to some of the individual clubs. Rumblings were heard. With a hasty come-home-all-is-forgiven, the C.R.U. tore up the little slip of paper and hung out the Business As Usual sign.

But it was too late. Clubs which had forgotten that rugby was a sport rather than a sound business enterprise built on conservative principles began counting prospective customers for the coming season. The result was disillusioning.

THE disease is contagious. A variety of sports are similarly afflicted. Hockey, for example, has been sunk more often than the Ark Royal. When the Dominion Government decided that hockey, like other big business, should be taxed, the hockey moguls ran to Ottawa and the newspapers emitting loud squawks. They couldn't carry on, not in the style to which they had become accustomed. Would the fans kindly join them at the wailing wall?

The fans would not. If the big leagues did not carry on, the fans could go and watch the juniors instead. The fans were in a war. They wanted to watch hockey games for relaxation and escape. But they were singularly unworried that the pro clubs might have to absorb a cut in profits in presenting it to them.

That was fine with the clubs, when they had time to think it over. They'd just pass along the twenty per cent tax to the fans. They shook hands with themselves too.

THE government was sorry but it was not through. It needed some physically fit young man. Little matter of Hitler and some others. This was not an unreasonable request during wartime, but some hockey players were young and most were notably healthy. They were an investment just like a bond or a stock. They had been scouted, signed, developed, and publicized at considerable expense. This was an unkind cut and showed little consideration for the supreme importance of professional hockey. As Red Dutton of the New York Americans said, the clubs "might as well throw in the towel."

The towel-throwing attitude was not popular with the paying public and so passed quickly. The clubs would get by somehow this year but, they muttered darkly, the time might come when they would have to quit.

THE clubs—rugby, hockey, and miscellaneous—should know better. There is a war on and there is nothing they can do to alter that fact. There are a number of things, however, that they can do to help. Giving illustrated lessons in the theory and practice of defeatism is not one of them.

In the first place that quaint and archaic idea of "sport for sport's sake" will have to be revived. There must be a few of the real old-timers who remember what it was all about. They should be consulted. Then too, the revolutionary idea that the paying customer still has some rights will have to be absorbed.

Sport is a necessity in wartime. It is good physically for the participants, who will have to start worrying more about their paunches and less about their pocketbooks. It is good for the public morale, as it is pretty difficult to convince people that they should carry on as normally as possible if their favorite teams are making notable exceptions of themselves. It is good financially for those minor and very important war funds which the government forgets, if the clubs can be convinced that charity does not begin and end in the home.

DURING the week between the time this is written and the time it is printed the Interprovincial Union will meet to decide what is to be done about the sudden and unexpected defection of the Tigers. Unless the Hamilton executive discover a few likely rugby players hiding under stones along the lakefront and reconsider their decision, the Union will be faced with three alternatives: to quit, to carry on with three clubs, or to admit the perennial Cinderellas from Balmy Beach who have come knocking at the door. The easiest way will be to quit and spend all their time looking after their investments, the next easiest to carry on with three clubs and a creaking schedule, the hardest to welcome the Balmy Beach aggregation, as this would mean a two-way split of the lucrative Toronto take. The fans, nonetheless, one and all would like to see the last alternative adopted.

By the time this appears it will be history, Ancient or Modern. It will be significant, too, of whether pennies or patriotism are going to be the sports criteria of the future.